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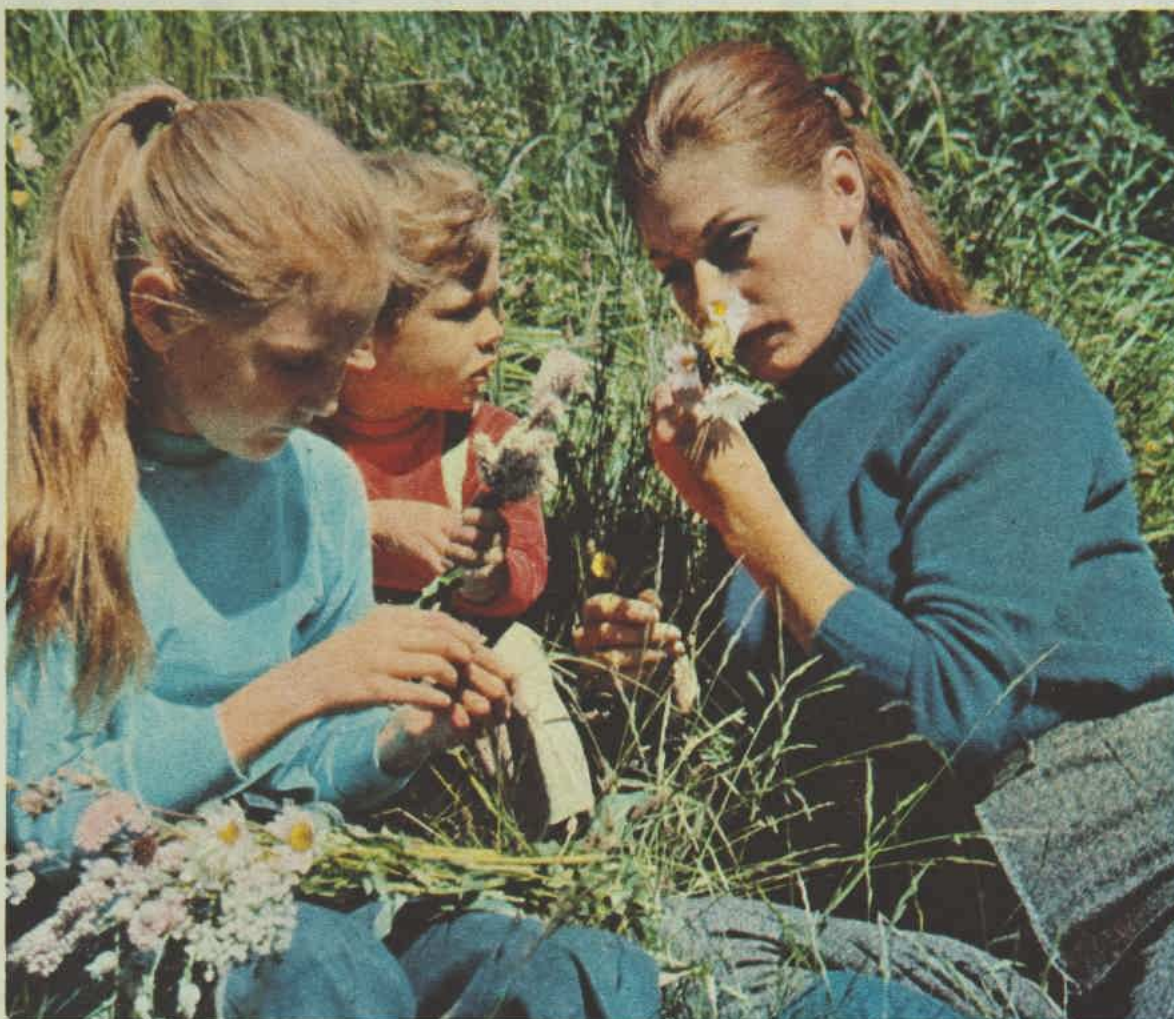
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FIONA THYSSEN
Beautiful Baroness
to visit Australia

NEW!
NEW!
NEW!

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in your paper
EVERY WEEK

BARONESS THYSSEN



● The Baroness picnics with her children, Francesca and Lorne, on a Swiss mountain slope.

• Beautiful ex-wife of multi-millionaire and famous model

SHE stood at the top of the steep path leading to her house cut into the Swiss hillside, her finger on her lips, rich titian hair falling around her shoulders, reed-slim in trousers.

"Shushshsh, shushshsh," she whispered, striding easily from flagstone to flagstone in the long grass. "The children. They're nearly asleep."

We paused for a moment after the long, steep climb to her home, Chesa Alcyon (Halcyon House), standing remote, pale silver-grey, and gleaming in the late-afternoon sunshine.

The musical and mellow clonk-clonk of cowbells floated up from green meadows beneath the pine forests. Across the lake snow-capped mountains shone in the sun. It was midsummer in St. Moritz.

Photographer Alec Murray and I were to stay the weekend with the Baroness Thyssen, who is coming to Australia to judge fashions at the Melbourne Cup — the famous former top-model girl who married a multi-millionaire and who, after divorce 18 months ago, has taken up the threads of her old life.

"But not as a career," Fiona Thyssen explained hastily. Her voice, unexpectedly, had a slight American overlay.

Inside the house, she waved us to deep and comfortable armchairs, upholstered in scarlet, near wide, geranium-filled picture windows.

"I'm only doing a little modelling now and then so that I can travel and do things I would not otherwise have a chance of doing," she said.

"That is why I accepted the invitation to go to Australia. It's one of the few countries I have not seen. And I'm dead keen on racing."

The Baroness placed an enormous leather ice-bucket on a rough-hewn slab of granite supported by stout, short table-legs, and poured drinks all round, watching us the while with incredibly deep blue eyes.

She seemed to be assessing us, getting us into



● At St. Moritz, Fiona rides, drives, skis, and does some wood panelling.

By Anne Matheson

focus, probing, probing, as she talked of inconsequential things, interspersing the conversation with "On the rocks?" "Say when . . ." "Have a cigarola . . . these . . . do. They're fantastic!"

She crossed one elegant leg over the other, and lit a dark, reedy-looking cigarola no thicker than a size 12 knitting-needle.

It was easy to see why the artist Annigoni placed her as one of the three most beautiful women in the world.

She has rich, creamy skin, tanned by the snows and summer sunshine, a marvellous profile, and the bearing and movement of a thoroughbred horse. She can look haughty. And imperious.

Even in trousers and polo-neck sweater she looks an aristocrat, a woman of wealth and importance, a complete sophisticate.

She looks incredibly young for 34.

We must have passed her scrutiny, for suddenly she flashed the most beautiful smile, and bursting through the facade of the cool Baroness Thyssen came Fiona the Fun Girl, a leader and pace-maker of the Jet Set.

Baroness Thyssen was Fiona Campbell-Walter, daughter of an admiral and earning £stg.4000 a year as a model, when she married the Baron Heinrich Thyssen (you pronounce it Teeson).

Heinrich (Heini for short) Thyssen was already twice married, an industrialist with holdings estimated at £stg.18,000,000.

He had just divorced his second wife, the late Nina Dyer, with such substantial alimony, even by millionaire standards, that the international set reckoned he must have wanted badly to be free to marry Fiona.

(The settlement of half a million pounds sterling was only part. Included was a priceless necklace, an island, and a panther.)

Fiona's full name is Baroness Thyssen-Bornemisza, a Hungarian title bestowed after the father of the present Baron Thyssen, a German without title, married a Hungarian.

Her beauty — legendary

He was adopted by his wife's family, added Bornemisza, their name, to his, and the Emperor Franz Josef gave a special dispensation for him to take their title.

Life for Fiona was exciting even before she married the Baron. As a famous model she had known travel, smart clothes, adulation.

Her beauty and her income were legendary. "Daddy used to be furious when it was pointed out I earned more than he did."

Now she models partly to oblige friends — friends like Princess Irene Galitzine, the designer.

Where she lives at St. Moritz is probably the most expensive and exclusive corner in the world.

Through the plate-glass windows — white velvet curtains drawn back — can be seen the houses of the millionaires who make St. Moritz their winter playground — Stavros Niarchos' house with swimming-pool, where Fiona's children, Francesca and Lorne, play with his; and, farther over, the house of the Fiat millionaire, Agnelli.

Marella Agnelli, a Neapolitan princess and great beauty, who rivals Fiona for chic and social position, is also one of her best friends.

They do the dress shows together every season, ski together in winter, go to parties in Rome.

Baron Thyssen, well known for his fine taste in paintings, jewels, and women, lavished jewellery on Fiona, gave her racing cars, horses, and bought famous paintings for her as personal gifts — not part of his own collection, reputedly worth \$A14,000,000, housed at Lugano, where he lives.

She twice made the Top Ten in the World's Best Dressed List.

She is still one of the very best dressed women, with an enormous wardrobe to suit every possible occasion, but her life is more carefree now and her informal clothes are sometimes way-out.

During our visit she donned a white wool mini-skirt with hipster macrame belt, camel polo-neck sweater, and knee-length camel socks to drive Aurora, her golden retriever, to the vet.

And she has several white vinyl suits that can go out into the snow and then be wiped down to go to a bistro.

However, her wardrobe-room of clothes looks like a couturier's stock.

A dressing-room off her bedroom at Chesa Alcyon is also filled with clothes, which hang on mobile chromium racks that can be swung around when wanted, like clothes in a dress shop.

Clothes fill the built-in cupboards that line the

Continued on page 5



● FIONA THYSSEN in a coral-beaded Italian evening dress in her home in front of one of her modern paintings.

Pictures by Alec Murray.



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(That's why it's a better camera)



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Baroness Thyssen

Continued from page 3

walls — whole rails of pants (30 pairs is Fiona's best guess, but there are probably more), deep wardrobes of dresses, high wardrobes of evening clothes, and pyjamas for wearing around her fire-side in winter.

Tables are piled with handbags, accessories, gloves, riding stocks.

Shoes are kept in the enormous leather bags model-girls carry (Fiona dug hers out again after the divorce). Drawers are spilling over with headscarves, sunglasses, visors.

Although her own hair is long and thick, she has hairpieces of such length and proportions that they rest on specially built cane pedestals.

In her bedroom, where the doors are barely able to close on the full cupboards, is the backbone of her fabulous wardrobe — her collection of more than 100 sweaters, filed neatly as shirts in a men's wear department, color on color on color, shelf on shelf on shelf.

Fiona said convincingly: "I need every one."

"In St. Moritz they are not an extravagance. Co-ordinates (sweaters, shirts, skirts, pants) are the perfect way to dress here."

Well-educated and intelligent, Fiona could easily have had an academic career, yet when she speaks it is often a kind of shorthand, used by her smart set. "Hi dere" . . . "Lo dere" . . . "Bi dere."

She spoke of her former husband:

"Heini sees more of the children since the divorce than when we were married," she said. "Then he was always travelling."

"He adores the children, and I have to keep him from spoiling them."

"Imagine giving Chessie, a tape-recorder and a camera just because she saw them in a shop window. She would have nothing to look forward to if I didn't stop that nonsense."

Francesca (Chessie for short) is seven, with long pale red hair. She goes to boarding-school in Gstaad.

American escort

Lorne is three, with the same red hair, and for all he is a Thyssen he has the looks and manners of a very English little boy.

Fiona's escort when we went out during our weekend at Chesa Alycon was a charmer, Sheldon Reynolds, an American living in St. Moritz, who script-writes, produces, and edits for TV.

Shelley has the looks and figure of an elegant, taller, and more youthful Frank Sinatra. He and Fiona seem to have a whole world in common.

They ski together, read together, travel on his business to London and Paris together, work in the garden together.

"Shel made that table I use for drinks," said Fiona. She has learned to use the power lathe, can cut out picture frames and wall panels.

The end wall on which she plans to hang paintings was made entirely by Fiona and Shelley.

In Australia she hopes to meet artists, and may acquire some paintings for her collection.

Fiona is fond of horses and rides a beautiful black French horse. "Heini had more than 100 horses. As the wife of one of the biggest owners in Europe, I was at every big race meeting. And I had a new outfit for each one."

Fiona said she would never dream of going to the races unless she was well dressed.

For Australia, she will have a complete wardrobe in fabrics by Du Pont de Nemours International, who are sponsoring her trip.

"I hope to do a lot of sightseeing in Australia, too. I want to go to Ayers Rock and Alice Springs, to the Great Barrier Reef, and in New Zealand pay a sentimental visit to Rotorua, my birthplace."

"I was born when my father was stationed with the fleet in New Zealand."

The telephone at Chesa Alycon rings incessantly. Fiona always sits with a telephone nearby.

Her car-racing friends ring and you hear her saying, "Hi dere. Bi dere."

The phone rang again. This time it was Australia, and about her trip.

She turned to us after the call: "What do you think he said? 'Good morning,' and it's only afternoon." She laughed. "Oh. The time difference."

Another phone call. This time about her skis. She had lent them to the Aga Khan.



● Baroness Thyssen in a knickerbocker suit fishing. "I have learned to cook the trout I catch," she said.



● Wearing brocade pyjama suit the Baroness leans on the granite table her friend Sheldon Reynolds made in her garage.

Pop art is one thing . . .

But what is Popular art?

By GLORIA NEWTON

THIS IS POP ART



1 2
3 4



● Pop art is booming in America, where it's big business. Well-known New York art galleries are showing Pop art paintings by artists like Andy Warhol, who sees beauty in a soup can; Roy Lichtenstein, who paints comic-strip characters; and Claes Oldenburg, who uses as his models such items as giant-size hamburgers, pies, bras, underpants, and old, battered typewriters.

Pop art pictures above are: 1. *WORLD'S FAIR*, by James Rosenquist. 2. *HOT DOG*, by Roy Lichtenstein. 3. *BRILLO BOXES*, by Andy Warhol. 4. *STOVE WITH MEATS*, by Claes Oldenburg.



Reproduced by permission of Solomon and Whitehead Guild Prints Ltd., London.

THE BASKET MAKER, by Van Cleef

WHICH are the prints that people buy most often to decorate their homes?

The ten best-sellers of one of Sydney's largest importers of prints do not even include an abstract, let alone Pop art.

Leading art expert and critic Robert Wraight, in his book *"The Art Game,"* predicts that 99.9 per cent of contemporary art will be worthless in ten to 20 years.

But Pop artist Claes Oldenburg, who painted *"Hot Dog"* (reproduced at left), has a different viewpoint altogether. He says:

"The rounded voluptuousness of a hamburger bun has a distinctly

feminine presence, its texture evocative of soft flesh."

On the local scene, Sydney experts say there has been a radical change in tastes over the past 30 years and people are acquiring a more sophisticated outlook, which is still developing.

The ten best-selling prints at the present time depict seascapes, bushland scenes, tranquil boats and coves, and serene women.

Only two Australian artists, Hans Heysen and Douglas Pratt, are represented in the top ten, the remaining eight being Dutch, French, Spanish, and English.

Australia's best-seller, *"Freedom of the Plains"* (on page 11), held



Reproduced by permission of the artist, Sir Hans Heysen.

DROVING INTO THE LIGHT, by Hans Heysen

top position in the United Kingdom for two years until it was replaced last year by "The Round-Up" (also on page 11). A contemporary painting, "The Round-Up" is just starting to sell here and is expected to hit the top in about a year.

"Silver Sunset" (at right) and "Silver Reflections" (page 11) have been consistent sellers for the past ten years. Seascapes, as long as there are no ships in them, go on selling year in, year out.

"The Basket Maker" (above left), one of the top ten in popularity, is more striking, with rich brown, reddish colors. It blends handsomely, with today's modern teak furniture.

"Tranquillity" (page 9) is more

Continued on page 9



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SILVER SUNSET, by Peter Ellenshaw



THE NATURAL-LOOKING
HAIR COLOR
YOU JUST SHAMPOO IN

New! Nice'n Easy hair colour so natural it invites close-ups



The closer he gets... the better you look

Now it's here! The world's favourite shampoo-in hair colour! New 'Nice 'n Easy' by Clairol. So easy, you just shampoo it in. So natural, it's the favourite of beautiful women all over the world.

Now *you* be the girl who looks even lovelier close up. Fresher, prettier, more exciting when your hair glows with the soft natural-looking colour of new 'Nice 'n Easy' by Clairol. It's easy to do. But more important, this is real Clairol colour. Which means the blonde shades are luminous, beautifully even. Reds are fresh, sparkling. Brunettes are rich and lively. 'Nice 'n Easy' lightens... or brightens... or deepens more evenly. So rich, it covers grey better than any ordinary hair colouring. And it won't wash out. Special conditioners leave your hair silky, soft and bouncy, lovely to touch.

Try it for a lift... for the confidence, deep inside, of knowing your beautiful hair colour looks so natural it invites close-ups... so natural, the closer he gets... the better you look.



1. It's so easy! About once a month pour it on. No sectioning. No parting.



2. Work into a rich lather, wait just minutes, rinse, shampoo. You're through!



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New! Nice'n Easy by Clairol

The people who know more about hair colouring than anyone else in the world.



FOUND (above),
by John Goes

Popular art

Continued from page 7

the younger people's choice. Its colors harmonise with the modern home and its elongated shape makes it a perfect balance for the new long sitting-cum-dining-room.

Abstracts are bought mainly by people from European countries, the experts say, or by young people who don't particularly worry about the picture's subject as long as the colors fit in with a room's color scheme.

But, while fashions in art may change (remember when it was "in" to have a Van Gogh or Gauguin print on the wall; when stags in a forest were the thing; when gracefully draped women reclined against a column; when señoritas twirled in a flamenco, or matadors challenged a bull?) there are some prints that defy all change.

One, "Found" (above), has been selling solidly for over 40 years, as has "Roses" (page 11).

Still-lives, so popular in the '30s and '40s, are now selling spasmodically.

Ten years ago the price of a print governed taste to a large extent, but today people are paying large sums for the better-class reproductions, which are chemically treated to enable them to be cleaned with a damp cloth.

Glass frames might soon be a thing of the past. Picking up reflections from windows or lamps, they often distort or obscure the painting they are designed to protect.

FOUND is reproduced by permission of Oswald-Sealy (Overseas) Ltd.; TRANQUILLITY by permission of Felix Rosenzweig's Widow and Son Ltd.; SPANISH BALCONY by permission of Frost and Reed Ltd.



TRANQUILLITY,
by Jorge Aguilar



SPANISH BALCONY,
by M. Mouly

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36 cents for 20.





THE ROUND-UP,
by J. Valadis

Popular art

(Continued from page 9)



ROSES, by
E. Kruger



BATTLE-SCARRED WARRIORS,
by Douglas Pratt



SILVER REFLECTIONS,
by Peter Ellenshaw



FREEDOM OF THE
PLAINS,
by Mario Bordi

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FROM PARIS

— Pointers for spring

• I am just back from Paris, London, and New York, and I have chosen the fashions on these pages as giving the perfect pointers for chic dressing for the Australian spring.

Paris still leads the world in fashion. The clothes are superb and are definitely going away from ye-ye fashions. Smart women have stopped following exaggerated trends.

Ye-ye clothes are still in the Paris boutiques, but in my opinion no one over the age of 16 should attempt to wear them.

In spite of the juvenile fixation in fashion, a good percentage of elegant and pretty clothes are designed for adults. Certainly the youthful theme running through the Dior collection flatters all age groups.

Yves St. Laurent's nautical theme is one of the spring sensations.

In Paris, mini-skirts and patterned stockings are worn only in dance halls. They are not associated with good taste.

Navy-blue or navy-blue and white are the spring colors. Pink is everywhere, too, but I think blue — a vivid sapphire — will take over by summer.

— BETTY KEEP

For teens only



• The dress above, with its scrambled colors and mini-skirt, is typical of clothes sold in Paris boutiques. They are fun fashions for teenagers only.



• Navy-and-white is the number one spring color two some in Paris, London, and New York. I have chosen the Dior dress and matching hat (above) as an elegant example of this color duo. Note Dior skirt length.



● One of my favourites in the Dior collection was the shift-like dress and matching coat (above) in rose-pink. The ensemble was designed for after-5. The dress has a low back, strapped up to a tailored bow. The narrow coat has a single-breasted fastening, turned-down collar, and flap pockets. The self-covered buttons on the dress and coat are widely spaced. The basin hat is made in the same silk as the ensemble.

● The young look running through the Dior spring collection is superbly expressed in the youthful dress and matching jacket (above left). Right is Yves St. Laurent's nautical theme, regulation RN jacket and matching hipster skirt, belted and hooked with a brass ring.

EVERY ROOM has a VIEW



● Space, light, and a view of water or bushland from every room were some of architect Maurice Morrison's aims when he designed this three-level home for his family on a rocky site at Castlecrag, N.S.W. Even the bathroom in the Morrison house has a lovely view—a pyramid-shaped skylight above the handbasin reflects the outside scenery. The 30-square house is basically simple in design, with each level in the form of a rectangle, connected by a spiral staircase made mainly of camphor laurel. The well of the staircase is lined with green Italian glass tiles injected with gold, and begins its spiral climb in a glass-walled, circular entrance hall. Cantilevered out from a bush-covered cliff, the top floor forms the main living area. Virtually one rectangular room, about 50 feet long by 14 feet wide, it contains an open kitchen, backed by a laundry and a flagged terrace, and dining and sitting areas extending through sliding glass doors to a roofed deck. Three bedrooms, bathroom, and a smaller, more formal, sitting-room make up the first floor, which is also rectangular and is built at right-angles to the upper floor. Supported by slender steel columns set into a rocky shelf, it seems to be made almost entirely of glass, framed with white painted aluminium. All the bedrooms open on to a glass-walled gallery overlooking the harbor. At ground-floor level is the entrance hall, a car park, and an outdoor living area. A second spiral staircase leads to a basement playroom, with a perspex window giving a view of swimmers in the pool.

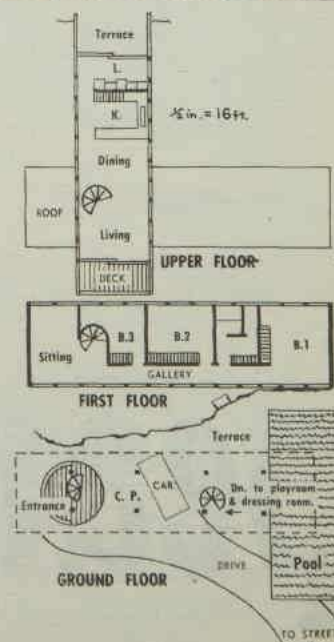
Photographs by Ron Berg

1. Sitting-room, upper floor.
2. Dining area and open kitchen.
3. Main bedroom.
4. Sitting-room, first floor.
5. Exterior of main bedroom.

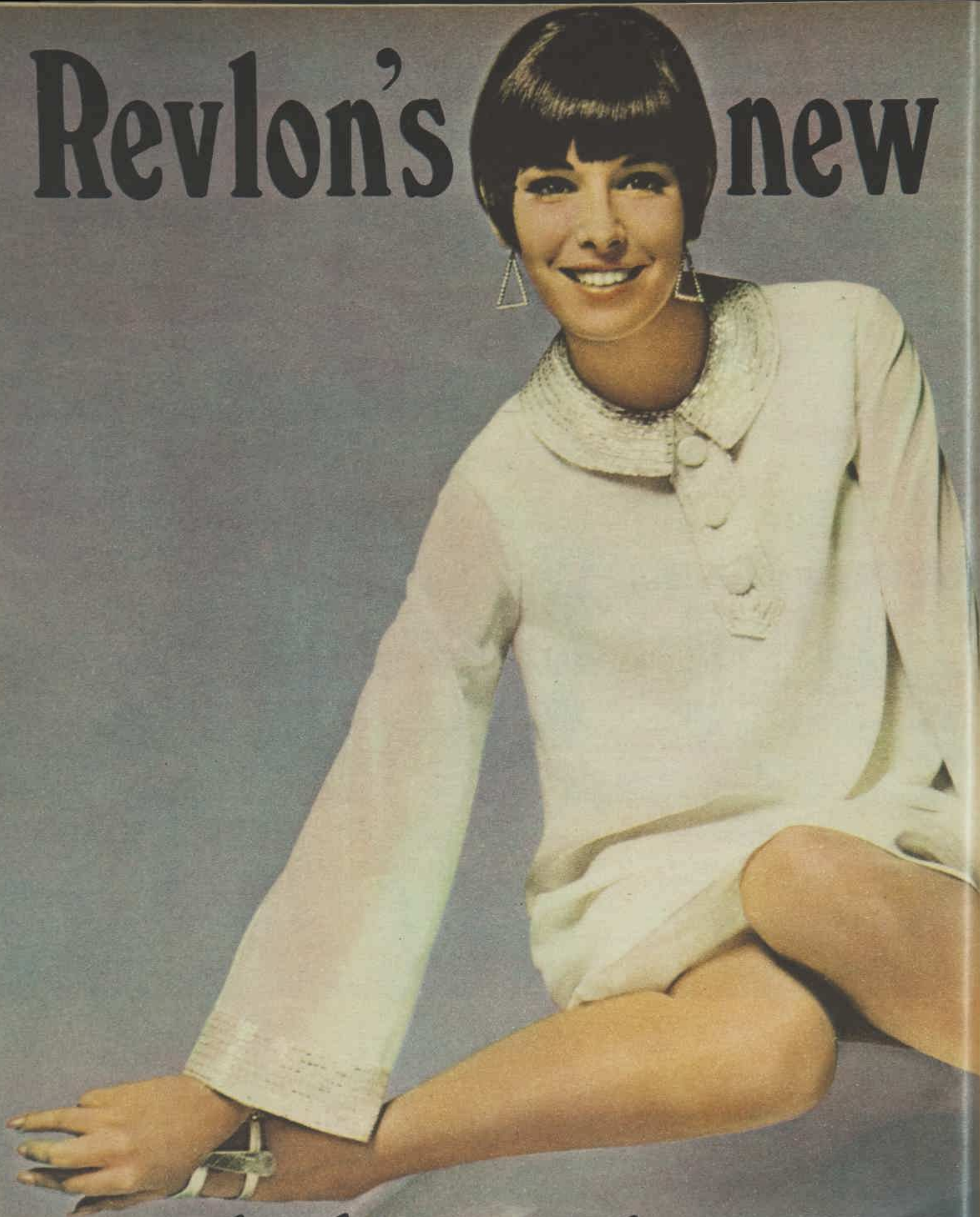




Swimming - pool (above) is tucked beneath bedroom wing. At left is the front exterior of this three-level home.



Revlon's new



pearl-dipped pales

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 24, 1966



ALAN MOOREHEAD, far left, at Phillip Island with koalas; at Worrell's Sanctuary, Gosford (NSW), centre and left, with emus and kangaroos. Below, on Michaelmas Cay, Great Barrier Reef, where terns breed in thousands.

PROJECT '66 LOOKS AT AUSTRALIA'S WILDLIFE

THE story of Australia's unique birds and animals, the wicked role played in their lives by the white man, and the efforts of today's wildlife conservationists to save them from extinction are told in an absorbing Project '66 program, "We, the Destroyers."

World-famous author Alan Moorehead wrote and narrated the documentary after months of living close to nature in locations from Phillip Island in Bass Strait off the southern coast, round the corner, and up along the eastern coastline.

Moorehead visited Phillip Island, home of the koala, muttonbird, and fairy penguin; near-at-hand Seal Rocks, where the Government protects the remaining fur seals; CSIRO Research Stations in Canberra; and Worrell's Animal Sanctuary at Gosford, N.S.W.

Later he went to Queensland, saw the birds in the sanctuary at Currumbin, went to the Great Barrier Reef, to Green Island, and the Rain Forest in the Cairns to Cooktown area.

Moorehead says the Australian story began when Captain Cook and his men landed at Cooktown, after they beached the wrecked Endeavour for repairs at the mouth of the Endeavour River.

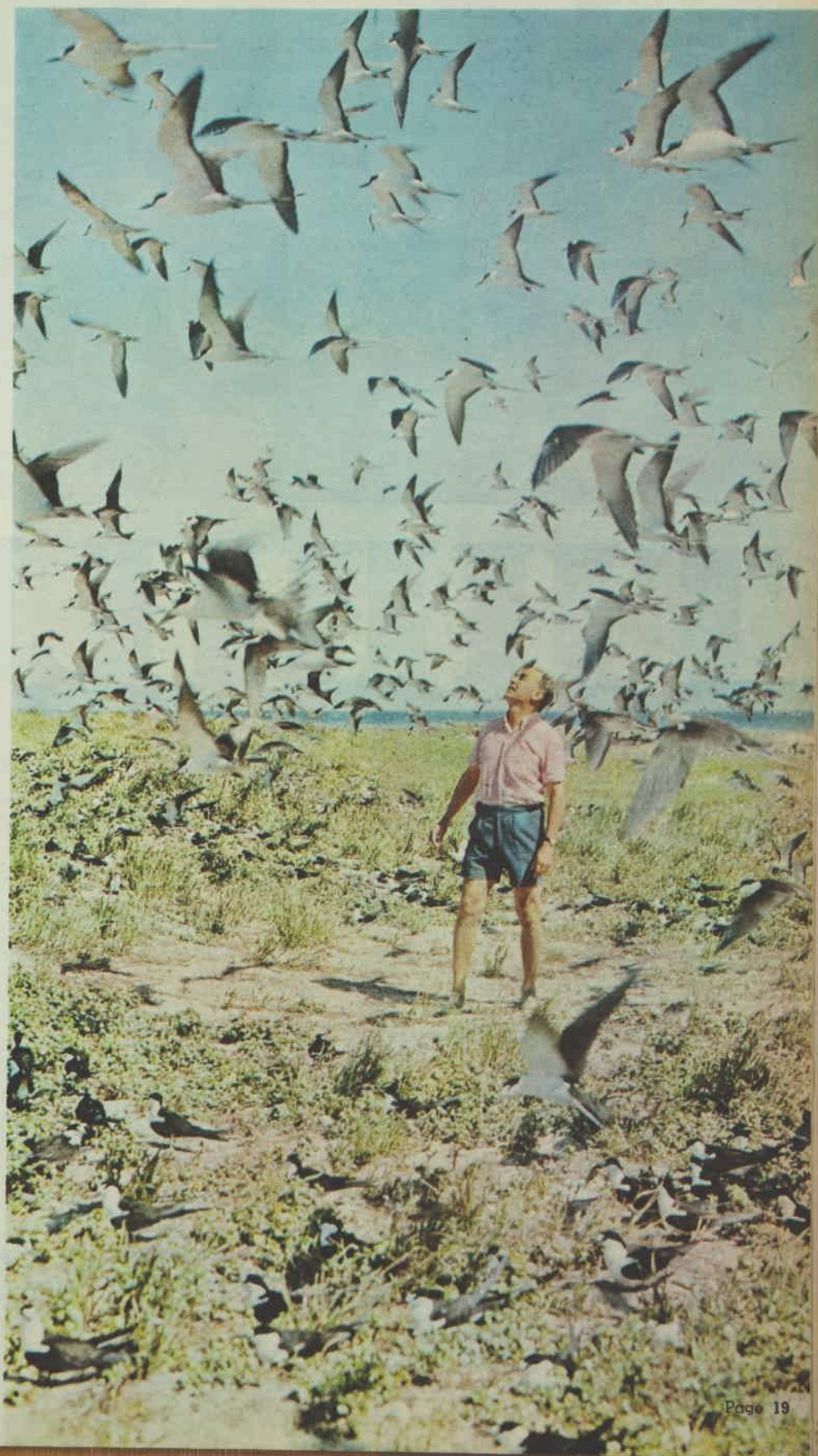
Cook saw Australia's strange animals living with the natives in harmony, observed that "this was a gentle country." The natives killed for food, but not for sport. Nature was in a state of balance. There was an equilibrium.

Moorehead, in an indictment of the white man, shows that in the almost 200 years that have elapsed since Cook landed the equilibrium has been destroyed, never restored.

—NAN MUSGROVE

● "We, the Destroyers" may be seen on August 21 in Sydney TCN9, Melbourne GTV9, Brisbane TVQ0, at 10 p.m.; August 22 in Perth TVW7, 10.30 p.m.; August 25 in Hobart TVT6, 8.30 p.m.; August 28 in Adelaide NWS9, 10 p.m.

Television



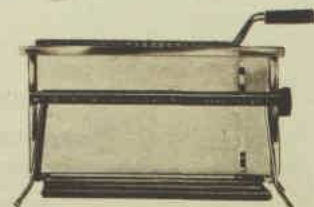


THRILLER GRILLER

SEALS GRILLS ON BOTH SIDES . . . **INSTANTLY**. KEEPS ALL THE FLAVOUR SIMMERING INSIDE AS YOU COOK FOR STEAKS ☐ CHOPS ☐ FISH ☐ CHICKEN ☐ KEBABS ☐ BURGERS ☐ SAUSAGES ☐ TOASTED SANDWICHES ☐ YOU NAME IT . . . So we call it the *thriller griller*. And it lives up to its name effortlessly and inexpensively with all kinds of grilling. No more dried-up grills. Everything comes out juicy and delicious, even less expensive meat cuts. ☐ It grills twice as fast as ordinary grillers because it cooks on both sides at once . . . between upright, fast heating, infra-red elements. Grills fat-free and evenly, without any need for turning. It doesn't spit, smoke or splash fat . . . and it cleans up fast and easily. ☐ Maybe, once upon a time, it was pretty hard to make a thrill out of a grill. Now see the Hotpoint Vertical Grill—the *thriller griller*—it's at retailers everywhere. ☐ It costs \$39.50 (£19/15/-). Less with a trade-in. ☐ The twenty-four page recipe book—a source of a wonderful variety of tasty grill ideas—is free with every Griller.

HOTPOINT VERTICAL GRILL

Hotpoint homes lead the world in better living





FRUIT BOWL is the simple, striking centrepiece of a setting Mrs. Albert Joris, of Double Bay, will show at the exhibition. In Europe, a separate fruit course is often served.



DINNER SETTING for 14, by Madame Roger Levy, of Bellevue Hill, wife of the French Trade Commissioner. Beautiful silver candleholders and centrepiece are Louis XVI pieces that have been family possessions for nearly 200 years.

Family antiques in table settings

● These four settings are some of those to be presented at the Table Setting Exhibition arranged by the Pied Piper Committee for the Spastic Centre.

AMONG the 24 exhibitors at Farmer's Blaxland Gallery will be Mrs. Norman Jones; Mrs. John Armstrong, the Lord Mayor's wife; and Mrs. L. Vanhoutteghem, wife of the Belgian Consul-General. Art director Mr. Barry Stern, interior decorator Mr. Thomas Gillies, and Mr. Bruce Arnott also will enter the exhibition, which will be held for a week from August 24.

It will be opened at a gala cocktail party by the Minister for Public Works, Mr. Davis Hughes, and the displays will feature the exhibitors' own crockery, silver, and table pieces—often prized family antiques.

Tickets are available from Mrs. W. A. Leventhal, of Pymble. Phone 44-4377.



PICTURES BY RON BERG

ANTIQUE CHINA, flat silver, and even 1750 London tea bins will be featured in this setting (left) by Mr. Barry Stern. Well known for his formal dinner parties, Mr. Stern decided to display buffet style.

"BREAKFAST should be the brightest meal of the day," said Mrs. Robert Du Val, of Woollahra, who will present this delightful breakfast setting (above). A vivid cloth sets off hand-painted crockery.



Overseas prices of The Australian Women's Weekly: New Guinea, 2/3 or 23c; New Zealand, 1/4; Malaysia, 60c (Malaysian currency).

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OUR COVER

● Beautiful Baroness Thyssen, who is coming to Australia to judge fashions at the Melbourne Cup. She wears an Ascot hat by Madame Vernier in our cover picture, taken by Alec Murray.

The Weekly Round

This issue has a sparkling new look; it's gay with more pictures and page after page in color.

It has all your favorite features, plus this brilliant new look.

As you opened it, you will have turned from color feature to color feature — beautiful Baroness Thyssen, the taste in Popular (as distinct from Pop) art, superb Paris spring fashion-pointers, eye-catching House of the Week, a "Project '66" look at Australia's wildlife.

Talking of wildlife, we once again will be regularly publishing "Beautiful Australia." So many readers have written asking for more of the magnificent pictures in this series!

There's a foretaste of it on page 7 of this issue — the big color reproduction of Sir Hans Heysen's painting "Droving Into The Light." Next week there will be a

glowing full-page picture of sunset over the surf.

Also new in this issue — a different presentation of the ingredients in the recipes in the centre lift-out Biscuit Book, making them easier to read and work by.

In future, all recipes will be presented this way.

We have found it exciting to plan a paper with more color than any other of its kind in Australia.

We do hope you like our new look — your approval is the measure of our success.

★ ★ ★
ANNE MATHESON, who wrote the story about Baroness Thyssen (pages 2 to 5), says that it's open house for the jet set at the Baroness' home at St. Moritz in the winter — they can ski right to her doorstep.

"The first one in makes hot chocolate for everyone," the Baroness told Anne.

"We're usually absolutely frozen. We peel off our boots and, once warm, wander round in stocking feet."

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

by
Mollie Lyons

I'M most intrigued by what I hear of the revue which the young doctors and nurses of Sydney Hospital are having on August 26 at the Union Theatre. Dr. Don Le Quesne, who produced the show and wrote a number of the scripts, tells me there is a wonderful number done by the male ballet in which there is a little "girl," a "bumblebee," and "lots of little daffodils." As well, there will be skits on politics and hospital life and a chorus dressed in skeleton costumes. The revue has been arranged by the Post-Graduate Medical Foundation to aid the Victor Coppel Memorial Appeal.

★ ★ ★
WHEN Professor and Mrs. Jacques Caen arrive from Paris on August 22 for the 11th Congresses of the International Societies of Blood Transfusion and Haematology they'll be met by Mrs. Peter Castaldi, who knew them in Paris when her husband, Dr. Castaldi, was doing research at the Hospital Saint Louis. Mrs. Castaldi will have just a few hours in which to practise her French before she officially welcomes 118 wives of visiting delegates at a luncheon at the Chevron Hotel. The Caens live in a delightful apartment on the Champs de Mars with a magnificent view of the Eiffel Tower.

★ ★ ★
DATES for your diary . . . the fete at Ashfield Town Hall on August 19-20 to aid the Infants' Home at Ashfield; and the hat parade and buffet luncheon at White City on August 22 to aid the Lady Mayoress' Relief Fund.

★ ★ ★
THE Tom Jones Committee, which works for the Sub-normal Children's Welfare Association, have come up with quite a novel idea for their next party at The Pink Radish Restaurant. It's called Breakfast at Tiffany's, and although it's at 11 o'clock on a Sunday morning (August 21) guests have been asked to wear morning suit and hostess gear. For breakfast they'll have eggs (to order) and champagne.

★ ★ ★
ROUND of farewell parties for Janice Corven, who sails for England in the Himalaya on August 20. Janice (who'll be farewelled by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Corven, her sister Rosalind, and brother John) will work in England before going on to the Continent. After that she'll visit relatives and friends in the United States and Canada.



ABOVE: Miss Joan Hagarty and Mr. Douglas Irving read a program in the foyer at the Old Tote Theatre just before the opening of the Perth National Theatre Company's presentation of "Altona," which is playing until August 20.

★ ★ ★
AT RIGHT: Miss Diane Butler and Mr. Robert Andrews, who have recently announced their engagement, plan to marry on March 18. Miss Butler is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Butler, of Pymble. Mr. Andrews is the second son of Mrs. R. H. Andrews, of North Sydney, and of the late Mr. Andrews. Miss Butler is wearing a solitaire diamond engagement ring.

OTHER young people off abroad soon are Carolyn Ann Dunn, Maureen Haigh, and Camilla Moxham, who leave in the Fairstar on August 26. After settling-in in London, Carolyn Ann will go across to Paris for a three months' cooking course at Le Pot Au Feu. The girls have asked about fifty of their friends to cocktails on board before the ship sails.

★ ★ ★
A SAPPHIRE necklace and earrings "to match her eyes" is the delightful present Mr. Roger Levy, the French Trade Commissioner, and Mrs. Levy are giving their daughter, Francoise, for her sixteenth birthday. Francoise will wear the gift and a matching formal gown to the party her parents are giving for her at their home at Bellevue Hill on August 20. Among the eighty young people who've been asked will be many of her Kincoppal schoolfriends.

★ ★ ★
THE Consul-General for Denmark, Mr. N. C. Stenderup, and Mrs. Stenderup have lent their house at Vauluse for the bridge party that Lady Plowman is having for the St. John Ambulance Appeal on August 18. Lady Plowman is hoping for a sunny day so that afternoon tea can be served on the patio. Among the guests will be Lady Roberts, Lady Moses, Mrs. George Stening, and Mrs. M. D. Pixley.

★ ★ ★
ARABIAN mishimsheeya—a dish of apricots, lamb, and sultanas—is on the menu for the International Smorgasbord Dinner which members of the ladies' auxiliary of the Bellevue Hill Public School are having on August 20. President Mrs. A. Levine tells me this is only one of the fifteen exciting national dishes to be served. There's also to be a display by folk dancing groups. The decor, which will be mainly Mexican, will feature those wonderful colored paper flowers and sombreros. Mrs. Levine was disappointed that the choice for an Australian dish was tuna mornay instead of meat pies.

★ ★ ★
I HEAR that there are lots of busy fingers at the moment making 2500 blue crepe paper roses needed for the decor for the Black and White Ball on September 4. Mrs. Charles Parsons, jun., is having a working bee at her home on August 19, when workers will be rewarded with luncheon. The roses are to be arranged in large urns and the whole effect of the decor is aimed at a spring look.

★ ★ ★
AND talking of the Parsons family, Mrs. Parsons' daughter, Victoria, who is a member of the Sydney University Ski Team, sounds so excited about her trip to the snow, where she will be competing in the Inter-Varsity Ski Championships at Thredbo. The University of N.S.W. is also sending a team of 25 members, and the two teams will train for one week before the championships begin on August 27. Some of the young people going for N.S.W. University are the two captains of the men's and women's teams, Alan Chapman and Wendy Dotch, and Ron Switzer and Marianne Gearin. Representatives of the Sydney University team are the two captains, Helen Devine and Max Humphries, Judy Green, Richard Chaubel, and John Roberts.



AT RIGHT: Miss Diane Butler and Mr. Robert Andrews, who have recently announced their engagement, plan to marry on March 18. Miss Butler is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Butler, of Pymble. Mr. Andrews is the second son of Mrs. R. H. Andrews, of North Sydney, and of the late Mr. Andrews. Miss Butler is wearing a solitaire diamond engagement ring.



LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. John Goodman leaving St. Paul's Church, Aberdeen, following their marriage. AT RIGHT: Followed by the bride's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bragg, and flower-girl Lucinda Hughes, they walked to their car after the ceremony. Many local residents waited outside the church to wish the newlyweds happiness.



Country wedding

The tiny church of St. Paul's at Aberdeen was the setting for the marriage of country girl Miss Aline Bragg with American Mr. John Goodman. Formality was kept to a minimum, with the bride arriving at the church in the family car driven by her father only minutes after the last of the fifty guests. After the ceremony the bride and the bridegroom, the bridegroom's mother and the bride's mother were driven home by the bride's father to the homestead at "Ross-gole" for the reception, which was held in a marquee set up at the side of the house.



ABOVE: The bride's mother, Mrs. Frank Bragg (right), with the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Barney Goodman, who flew from Kansas City, Missouri, U.S.A., with her daughters, Miss Lucy Goodman and Mrs. Eugene Strauss, Mr. Strauss, and best man, Mr. Frank Vessells, for the wedding. ABOVE LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. "Bim" Thompson (left) and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thompson, all of "Widden," Kerrabee, were among the guests.



MARQUEE RECEPTION. The bride's father, Mr. Frank Bragg, flowergirl Lucinda Hughes, the bride and bridegroom, best man Mr. Frank Vessells, the bride's mother, Mrs. Frank Bragg, and the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Barney Goodman (left to right), at the reception which followed pre-luncheon drinks indoors. AT RIGHT: The bride's sister, Mrs. Nigel Campbell, of "Lincoln Park," Epping Forest, Tasmania, with her children, Camilla and Thomas, and her father, Mr. Bragg.





Hilton Supp-hose
this morning.

No tired legs tonight.

Stand as much as you like (or as much as you have to). If you're wearing Hilton Supp-hose you just don't get tired legs.

Instead, you get a firm, two-way support and a sheer, all-nylon look you can't tell from ordinary stockings.

When you stretch Hilton Supp-hose up your legs and feel their support develop, you suddenly know you're finished with tired legs. And you are. You can stand — hour after hour — on legs that feel great hour after hour.

You'll save money too. You could wear out nine pairs of 15-denier nylons in the lifetime of one pair of Supp-hose. So they're a stocking bargain at \$4.20 (42/-).

Get a pair today.

It's a beautiful way to end tired legs.

HILTON
Supp-hose
The all-nylon support stocking.

Charles and Anne



● Informally dressed, Prince Charles and Princess Anne, walking together in the grounds of the Commonwealth Games Village, at Kingston, Jamaica.

KISS FOR PRINCE

By STIRLING MACOBOY,
who was in Tahiti to photograph the month-long
fete which marks Bastille Day, on July 14.

NEWS from outside is a rarity in Tahiti's three local dailies, and I was surprised to see this paragraph:

"At 22.30, Sunday, the Prince of Wales, heir to the Queen of England, will arrive at FAAA accompanied by his suite. He will stay in Tahiti for exactly one hour and 29 minutes."

What an unexpected thrill,

I thought—military parades, dancing, the Governor.

So, late on Sunday, I took a taxi through the bedlam which is Papeete during the fete and arrived at the airport at 9.30 p.m.

They were in the process of closing the bar-terrace, which is the only real vantage point over arriving planes. No visitors were to be admitted to the overseas terminal—normal procedure.

Soon, Qantas' Tahiti traf-

fic manager, Mr. Edward Jones, arrived with three French police, presumably to check arrangements. But this, too, was standard except perhaps for Mr. Jones' dark suit and extra spit and polish on the police uniforms.

The four were followed by slim, petite Marie Claire Bonnet, Secretary to the Governor's Press Attache, who arrived by motor-scooter with her boyfriend. Like myself, she had decided to come purely out of curiosity.

After a chat with her, and the police chief, I managed to gain admission to the terminal as the sole representative of the Australian Press — or of any other Press for that matter, as it turned out.

Right on time, the jet City of Parramatta rolled on to the terminal apron and our small party walked to the boarding ramp—Mr. Jones, Mlle Bonnet, a ground hostess, one local French photographer, and myself.

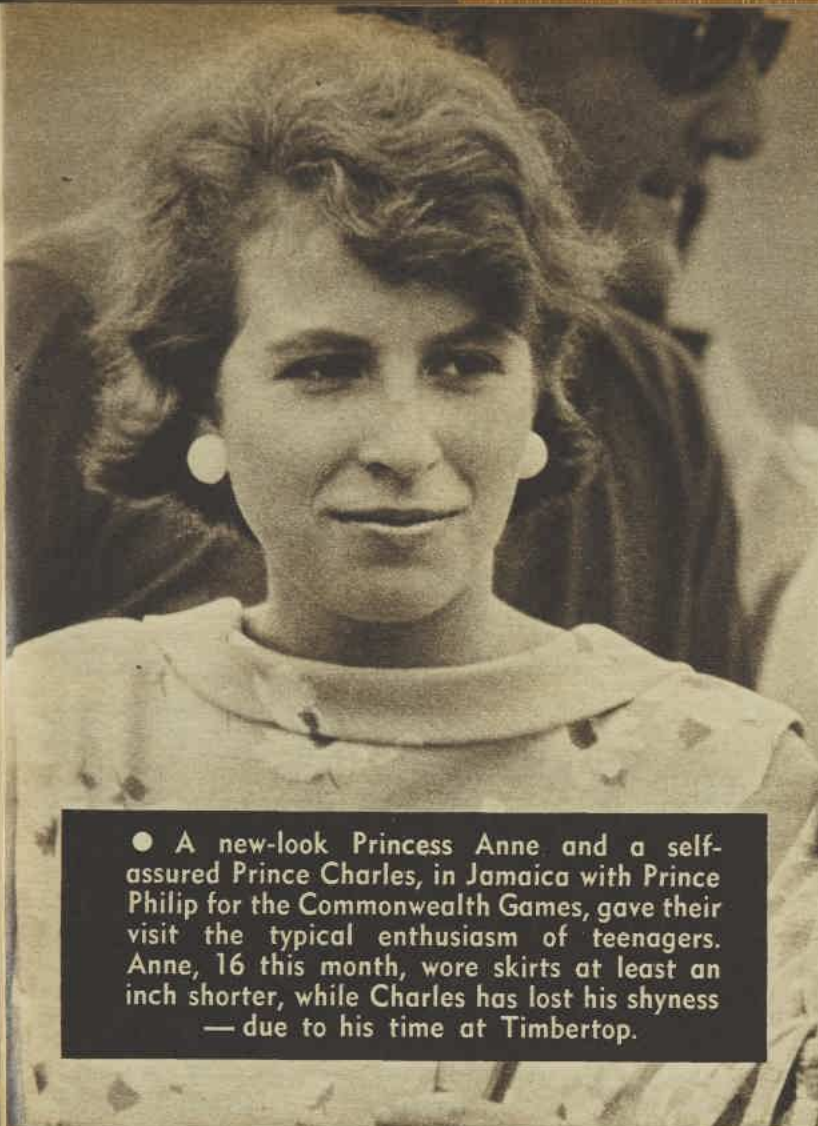
Mlle Bonnet sprinted up the steps to throw a necklace of shells around the startled Prince's shoulders.

Mr. Jones introduced himself, and the three descended and walked toward the ter-



● Prince Charles and Marie Claire Bonnet — conversation and a necklace of shells.

...at the Games



● A new-look Princess Anne and a self-assured Prince Charles, in Jamaica with Prince Philip for the Commonwealth Games, gave their visit the typical enthusiasm of teenagers. Anne, 16 this month, wore skirts at least an inch shorter, while Charles has lost his shyness — due to his time at Timbertop.



● Charles meets Australian competitors, who joined in the gift of kangaroo team badges to the Prince and Anne.

● New-look Anne (left), in cool, flower-printed frock, at the Games. Her skirts were at least an inch shorter.

ON HIS TAHITI STOPOVER

minal, followed by several gentlemen in dark suits.

But where was everybody else?

By now Mlle Bonnet had led the Prince upstairs to the terrace of the Rose du Vents Restaurant, where a candle-lit supper table had been laid. A reporter from the local radio station arrived and was told, "Sorry, no interviews."

But moments later, the French photographer and I were invited on to the terrace to take pictures.

The Prince smiled briefly and talked to Mlle Bonnet. He does not speak French very confidently, and Mlle Bonnet is not too sure of her English.

But he managed to get across that he was disappointed not to have seen any of the famous Tahitian dancers. He was very fond of ballet and the theatre, he said.

We took our pictures, the Prince thanked us, and we left to wait in the lounge below and talk to the other passengers, who were full of compliments for their Royal fellow-traveller.

An American lady had heard that Brigitte Bardot and Marlon Brando were here, too. If they were to turn up at the airport right now, she would go right out



● Charles and Mme Letty Maiotui — traditional Tahiti welcome with shells and flowers.

of her mind, she said, after having sat opposite a real prince. I explained that Bardot had left and Brando rarely stirred off his boat.

A call over the inter-communication system. It was time to leave.

Suddenly two middle-aged ladies, calling loudly in Tahitian, appeared from under the customs barrier and raced toward the Prince, gendarmes in hot pursuit.

Arms full of flowers and shells, they surrounded the Prince, who, as they gesticulated briefly, began to smile.

Now this was the traditional Tahitian "Haere-Mai." A wreath in his hair, arms loaded with flowers and shells — delightful, spontaneous.

The Tahitians on the other side of the barrier cheered wildly and began to applaud as one of the ladies kissed the Prince, and, with her friend, ran off giggling.

The elder lady introduced herself as Madame Jeanne Tuhau, of the village of Tipaerui. She and her sister, Madame Emmeline Nena, had collected the shells, cleaned and polished them,

and spent two days wiring and weaving them into garlands and a headband.

But at the airport Mme Nena lost her nerve, and Mme Letty Maiotui stood in at the last moment.

Why had they done this?

Because the young man was a prince, the first one to visit Tahiti since the French dethroned the local royal family, the Pomares.

Also, Mme Tuhau confessed, she and her sister were partly British — direct descendants of Bounty mutineer Edward Young.

For me, the magic of the moment was complete, with this touching link of English blood over the centuries. Descendants of the Bounty being the sole welcoming committee for the heir to a throne which had hounded them into oblivion.

Out on the tarmac, the ritual presentation of crew and airport staff had finished, and Charles was mounting the gangplank. He turned to wave, his eyes sparkling in the floodlights.

The Tahitian ladies went all to pieces again and, softly, voices began to sing a sad Tahitian song of farewell.

The great jet roared off into the starry night. I only hope the Prince remembered to toss some of his flowers from the stairway. That means he'll be back!



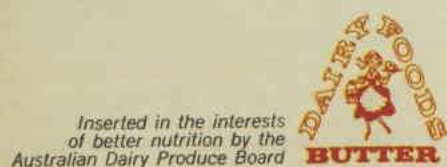
● Anne, in a simple sunfrock, at a polo match. She told long-jumper Helen Frith she also would like to visit Australia.



Food needs Butter's flavour

You need Butter's goodness

Everyone knows that Butter tastes better than any other spread, but did you know that:— 1) Butter is concentrated energy . . . it gives you vitality; 2) Butter helps you slim . . . it satisfies hunger over a long time span; 3) Butter has less calories than margarine; 4) Butter is one of nature's best cosmetics; the Vitamin A in Butter helps your complexion; 5) Butter is good for your eyes; 6) The Vitamin A and D in Butter helps build healthy bones and teeth in children. Butter is better than substitutes in every important way! So don't be misled by old wives' tales and new food fads. Enjoy Butter. It's the only spread worth tasting. And it's good for you.



Inserted in the interests
of better nutrition by the
Australian Dairy Produce Board

Butter
-a health food
only nature
can provide



Try these easy-to-make Chelsea Butter Buns

12 ozs. (3 cups) self-raising flour
½ teaspoon salt 1½ tablespoons butter
approx. 1 cup (8 ozs.) milk

Method: Prepare scone dough from above ingredients.

FILLING:

2 ozs. butter 2 ozs. brown sugar
2 ozs. sultanas 1 oz. currants, cinnamon
Method: Pre-heat oven — 425°. Roll dough into oblong shape ¼" in thickness. Spread with creamed butter and brown sugar, sprinkle with fruit and cinnamon. Brush dough edge with water and roll lengthwise. Cut roll into half inch slices and pack into a buttered 8" sandwich tin. Bake 15-20 minutes or until golden brown.

GLAZE:

1 tablespoon water 1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon gelatine

Method: Place ingredients into small bowl and heat over hot water until gelatine dissolves. Brush bun with glaze and serve buttered as a morning or afternoon tea idea.

9700

A SMASH SONG IN JUST 45 MINUTES

By
NAN MUSGROVE

THE song, "Hello Muddah, Hello Fuddah," naturally is Allan Sherman's favorite. He wrote it one day when he was desperate for one more number to include in an LP album.

On that day, his wife, Dee, and daughter Nancy, 13, were busy preparing for Nancy's first visit to summer camp. Name tags were being sewn on, bags packed, the untired life at camp discussed.

"Suddenly I got this idea for the song. An idea works quickly with me when it's good," he said. "I went on and on, and my wife and Nancy started to laugh—in the end I laughed the whole song through."

"Since that day I have sung it so often I get tired of it sometimes, but in terms of what it has done for me, it certainly is my favorite."

It did something for him in Honolulu, where he spent a week entertaining soldiers before he came to Australia.

"There was this blonde at the concert with her soldier," he said. "She just sat still and looked at me."

"It disturbed me. She didn't laugh, she didn't smile. She just sat and looked."

"Afterwards, her soldier brought her over to meet me. She was Swedish, didn't understand a word of English."

"She laughed once," her soldier told me, "when you sang 'Hello Muddah, Hello Fuddah.' She recognised the music from the Swedish recording."

Honolulu suntan

Sherman, a short man with a high-class Honolulu suntan, is a cheerful-looking customer. He is the right shape for a comedian, a round man, with the lines on his face running up. He is about 5ft. 7in. tall and weighs 13st. 2lb.

He has just lost 52 pounds and is on his way toward losing another 30, he says.

He finds dieting rewarding as an exercise in self-control, especially when it is backed by tangible proof—a waistline that has shrunk from 46in. to 38½in.

He is the most normal comedian I have interviewed

● American comedian-singer Allan Sherman wrote his most famous song in 45 minutes. Three years later it has notched up a record of nearly 3,000,000 sales.

lately — not entirely serious or completely morose.

He enjoys life himself, as well as making other people enjoy it more.

He has made people all over the world laugh. The viewers who enjoyed him on Don Lane's TCN9 "Tonight" show know this, and so does U.S. President Lyndon Johnson.

Sherman entertained him, to their mutual advantage.

"I can give you a direct quote of what the President said about me. It was so good I used it as a full page advertisement in 'Variety,'" said Sherman.

"I had sung a very favorable song about him, and he said: 'I can truthfully say that Allan Sherman is one of the world's great singers.'"

Sherman, on his first visit to Australia to do a season

Television

at Chequers, finds Australia a "kind of mythical place."

"You are so far away and so down under. When I rang my son Robert, he said, 'Dad are you standing upside down in relation to me?' and I said, 'Yes, son, I am.'"

Mrs. Sherman shares her husband's feeling that Australians are mythical.

"I think it is most extraordinary that today here is yesterday there," she said.

Obviously Mrs. Sherman, tiny, attractive, dark, and vivacious, shares her husband's sense of humor.

Sherman is to make a TV special while he is here. In between shows at Chequers and having a look at Australia, he is trying to get a look at our television to see how it measures up to what he is used to.

He and his wife had a strange experience with TV in Copenhagen.

They decided to look at it one night, figuring that although they didn't understand the language they would understand the singing and dancing.

"We turned on the set," Mrs. Sherman told me, "and there were these three men, talking, talking, talking. They went on debating for nearly three hours."

"Next day we told a group of Danes how different their TV was from ours, and they said, 'We don't need TV, we have a wonderful sex life.'"

The Shermans are a pleasant, entertaining couple. They spark one another off—one starts a sentence, the other finishes it.

When I saw them they were at the stage of their visit when a day consisted of a steady stream of interviews.

I remarked that it must be trying.

"I do get fed up with it at times," Sherman said. "Not with the journalists, but with the way of life it is symptomatic of."

"I am on a sort of treadmill, rushing — to promote further rushing."

"After my Chequers season, I am going somewhere to sit down and think, and find out what I am doing."

"You can hypnotise yourself into thinking this kind of life is glorious and glamorous, but I do still remember the time when I hoped to do something worth while with my life."

"Lewis Carroll had the right idea of this business when he said, 'You have to run very fast to stay in the same place.'"

"I think I want to start writing again."

"I want to have some status of my own. I want to start what I want to do. I find the picture of a 60-year-old man (he's now 41) running round the world telling jokes frightening."

Sherman has written two books, "How I Became an Overnight Success in 18 Years" and "Instant Status."

I asked him what was the latest status symbol in the States.

"Having two homes, one in town, one in the country, is one, owning a boat is another," he said.

"It really depends on your age and what you are



ALLAN SHERMAN in Sydney with his wife, Dee, who is wearing a way-out new coat of white leather, trimmed with black patent. She says she is a case for the psychiatrist — she is in love with her leather coat.

doing. Not to bathe is a status symbol with some people; Civil Rights activity is another. Some people watch 'Batman' as a status symbol, some people don't watch it as a status symbol."

There are few things more unnerving than interviewing a comedian. Generally, they are quiet and subdued. Allan Sherman was different.

Many comedians learn an act and a store of jokes. It is their sole stock in trade. Sherman has, as well, a built-in wit that never deserts him.

Deadly seriousness doesn't turn it off. Staff photographer Ernie Nutt was photographing Sherman as he talked about how he would like to be a Renaissance man.

Likes city life

He broke off, and said to me: "Next time you have to look pleasant in a photograph, don't say 'cheese,' say 'sex.' 'Cheese' is out, and 'sex' is in."

"Say 'sex' and think 'cheese,' never the other way about."

Sherman is a city man. He doesn't like rural life, is not a bucolic character.

"I like the big cities of the world," he said. "I like to live in them in a hotel room, close enough to the street to hear the traffic."

We jumped back to the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. "The men of the Renaissance had a good life," he said. "They had time for everything, to enjoy life and happiness."

"Look at da Vinci: he was a sculptor, a doctor, he invented an airplane, and he was a painter."

Time is obviously what Sherman would like to have in the bank. He never has enough time to be where he wants to be, to think quietly.

He has the biggest wristlet watch I have seen. It has a jumbo-sized dial,

with three small dials inside, and a bevelled edge on the outside that, when moved, shows the time and date in whatever city he dials.

He no longer suffers opening night nerves.

"I am not so overwhelmed at being a performer as I used to be," he said. "If you let yourself get tied up in how thrilling you are, I think you are relinquishing your hold on being a human being."

"I have come close to relinquishing my hold, but at the last moment I have always fought back to some purpose!"

FASHION note for gentlemen struggling into tapered trousers: Bertie Wooster's Oxford bags in a recent "World of Wooster." Don't ask me their exact width, but I can tell you that they covered the toes of his shoes, except when the wind wrapped them round his ankles.

"Dr. Kildare" lost its magic

VIEWERS are fickle folk. I didn't have a qualm of regret as I watched the last episode of "Dr. Kildare" on ABC-TV.

All the old ingredients that made it a hit were still there — the doctors, hospital scenes, drama and philosophy of sickness — neatly capsuled into its glossy production.

But the old mixture lost its magic over the years. Certainly it became more frightening with progressively more serious diseases and a lower recovery rate, but in my opinion handsome Jim was the real cause of the trouble.

Just think of him: in all the years of the show he never achieved any noticeable maturity or any depth of character. He seemed to

depend on a shallow "niceness" that he didn't seem able to control.

He played out the last episode of his four-year TV life looking exactly like a member of that bloodless group, the teenage dolls. He should start a new life as a brother for Cindy, as a doll doctor with a set of white coats and a stethoscope.

THE British House of Lords has voted to televise its proceedings "on an experimental basis." The Lords voted in favor of it despite the objections of Lord Balfour of Inchrye, who said he believed the viewers might look upon this august House "rather as a zoo, and, frankly, I do not think the public would like all the exhibits." What horrifies me about it is the thought that it might set a precedent for the Australian Senate — with its largely unsung Senators, whose speeches are so sleep-making.

Tommy Hanlon's Thought for the week

Momma once said, "Did you read recently that if the birthrate continues at its present rate, in the year 2066 each person in the world will have just one square yard of earth on which to live and grow his food? Maybe that's why we are so desperately trying to get to the moon and the other planets, to find more places for us to live. It makes you stop and think, doesn't it? And while we're at it . . ."

MOMMA'S MORAL: "Whoever coined the words 'dirt cheap' surely hasn't purchased any topsoil lately."



● Newlywed Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Nugent leave the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, Washington (above), while maid-of-honor Lynda Johnson bends to carry her sister's train. In the picture below, the bride and groom cut their seven-tier, 300lb. cake (after several unsuccessful attempts) while the President and Mrs. Johnson watch.



AMERICA'S "ROYAL" WEDDING

Luci Johnson (19), younger daughter of the U.S. President, married 23-year-old student Patrick Nugent on August 6 in a ceremony that combined pomp and splendor with quiet, young happiness.

● At right, Luci and Pat at the White House after their wedding. The bride's dress of white rosepoint Alencon appliques was pearl-embroidered.



NEXT WEEK:

● In **COLOR**, you'll see . . .



★
The glitter and glamor of the first ball ever held in the Tower of London.

★
The excitement of chic spring fashions — all in Vogue patterns.



★
The charm of "Illa-warra," a Melbourne mansion given to the National Trust.



★
Four unspoilt teenagers — the Sara quads are 16 now . . .

. . . this is our cover picture of them.

AND:



. . . in a big 16-page lift-out booklet.

● It includes booties and rompers and dresses and jackets and sweaters and a delightful layette.

PLUS:

HOW TO WIN COOKERY PRIZES AT SHOWS

(even if you don't compete, there are good hints in this three-page feature).

● It tells you what to do and what NOT to do, and gives judges' comments and expert advice (plus winners' tips, too).

THE FASHION MIXTURE OVERSEAS

—Mod for the young, elegant for the mature, reports Betty Keep, who visited world fashion centres.

London

As a fashion metropolis London is unequalled.

It has no Maison Dior, Chanel, or Balenciaga, but has its own couture headed by Hartnell, Hardy Amies, and Michael.

These are the favored few who make clothes for the Royal family, the debs' mums, and the horsy set.

With typical British tenacity, the London couture turns out, season after season, perfect suits, silk floral dresses, and that good old English favorite—the light wool jacket or coat and silk dress.

The latter is almost a uniform at events such as Ascot and Epsom.

This type of dressing is West End, Mayfair, Belgravia.

Down Chelsea way it's another cup of tea. Here the young designers are dizzy with success. The London look—a short, short skirt, Op art and Pop art—is selling like wildfire.

When I was there, Chelsea was pumping dry, week by week, the pay envelopes of London youth.

"Mother" of the London mod movement is Mary Quant, OBE. Mary's rebellious attitude toward conventional fashion 11 years back really started something. In this time space she has cut hemlines thigh-high, uncovered a short, geometric hairdo, white fingernails and

● London heads the world today in young way-out fashions. It also has its own couture elegance.

The formal London evening scene more often than not was a Hartnell glitter dress, superbly embroidered. Disco dancers settle for a short, light shift and Op jewellery.

To me, the true English night look is the Glynedebourne look. Glynedebourne is an opera festival at Lewes, Sussex, and most Glynedebourne - goes catch a train from Victoria Station in the late afternoon and a waiting coach at the other end.

It is fantastic to see brocades and pastel chiffons in floor-sweeping length on Victoria Station at this hour. Even more fantastic is that in such attire women attend outdoor supper parties on the Glynedebourne lawn by the long, bright twilight in what to me is dimly damp, chilly weather.

lips, fancy stockings, low-heeled shoes, and Op-art jewellery.

The pants suit is another Chelsea fad. From the back, girls often look like boys who look like girls because of shoulder-length hair.

But Chelsea and the West End might be different countries, fashionably speaking. I saw a mini-skirt only twice in the West End. Both times the brief skirt turned heads.

● In Paris there wasn't a mini-skirt in sight—unless you paid a visit to a dance hall.

I SAW the Chanel, Dior, and Balenciaga spring collections. All three houses showed reasonably short hemlines. At Balenciaga and Chanel, the length just hit the kneecap. The Dior length was slightly higher.

Paris couture clothes are still superb. Don't let anyone tell you anything else!

The most worn dress in Paris was the shift—sleeveless, knee-length, often with a matching jacket or coat by day.

In the evening out came long or short floating shifts. These hang straight from the shoulders without a waistline and, as often as not, are tied on one or both shoulders. It's the sort of look a man might be forgiven for thinking his wife is wearing a nightgown.

White looked new for day or night. A bright sapphire-

blue, all the pinks, and bright yellow were the Paris day colors.

All the pretty chiffon frocks were in pastels; never in black or in white.

Noticeable also in the French couture was the importance of trouser- and pyjama-suits.

I think 1966 could go down in fashion history as the year you didn't take a dress—any dress—on a seaside holiday.

Pyjamas were made in formal evening material and worn with large, often hoop-shape earrings and high-heeled colored sandals.

Worth reporting: In Monte Carlo a girl went to a film premiere wearing the top only of a Pucci pyjama suit, proving that, though the mini was wrong in Paris, the ultra, ultra mini was big stuff down south.

Lilac and yellow was a hot color favorite on the Riviera. White pique was strong, particularly for a sleeveless tunic top worn with narrow pants.

In reverse, in Chelsea you can feel very square.

What of the boys? In men's wear, London is unrivalled. London has Savile Row, where clients are tailored to perfection; tailoring in traditional English style.

London also has Carnaby Street, where color explodes into a whole new era of designs and cuts.

Interesting to note: The Englishman's suit has hardly altered since the mid-'80s.

England has had its group dressing—Teddy boys, Oxford bags, the Italian look—but none has lasted long.

Now under the sway of Carnaby Street, men's clothes are getting lighter and brighter, with a great demand for white corduroy suits, lilac and olive-green shirts made with white pique collars and cuffs, and two-piece suits in light electric-blue.

For men a colored suede tie is a success story in itself, and, still better, bell-bottoms and leather pullovers.

Hats were not in demand. My reaction to Carnaby Street fashions: Designs amusing and colorful; workmanship shoddy.

In children's wear, London is unsurpassed. Parks were full of beautifully dressed children, and I felt the fashions had the good taste of a people who understand children.

Jacqueline Kennedy shops for her children whenever she visits London.

New York

● On New York avenues every woman — from grandmothers to granddaughters — looked well turned-out.

THE temperature soared to the 90s, but I didn't see any woman looking wilted or sloppy or any fashion worn that even slightly savored of the beach.

The shift—in spite of a hundred alternatives—was again the popular choice.

Shoes were wonderful—medium heels, square buckled toes, and various Op-art color arrangements. However, any really elegant woman wore a plain, superbly cut pump with a medium heel.

More than 80 percent of heads were beautifully tinted. Beige was the outstanding hair color.

The only women in New York who wear hats are in the 60 to 70 age group. The hats were mostly flowery, very feminine and pretty.

Honolulu

● In Honolulu, on the beach at Waikiki, the one-piece swimsuit was worn by older women.

IT is made in stretch fabric with built-in construction to help the figure.

There was a big boom in short beach coats made in lace and other transparent fabrics. Bathing caps sprouted daisies and other flowers. A cap like a pastel meringue was amusing.

In the States a suntan is one of the greatest status symbols, so the bathing suit with cut-out sections was dead out of fashion.

The bikini still continues, the trunks not too brief. The top with push-up Bardot cups has been replaced by a modest camisole top.

While I was in Honolulu, Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy and her two children were holidaying there. Jackie had her usual wardrobe of knee-touching shifts. Her favorite color appeared to be white.

Another follower of white is Mexican-born Gloria Guinness, who spends some of her leisure at her Mexican-decorated house. Her uniform there is white sharkskin trousers and a short-sleeved man's shirt in navy or black.

● Betty Keep's "Paris Pointers for Spring," pages 12, 13.

Paris



The Duchess of Windsor (above) is very popular with the Paris couture because she has the figure of a mannequin and knows her own mind when ordering her clothes.

The Duchess has never changed the rather severe style she developed in her youth.

The one concession to this rigid rule: she is currently wearing textured and colored stockings with her country clothes.



New Skylines are for the sort of girl who always has a foot in

Notice how guys look at girls in imported-style shoes? (Question: how can a man look at your feet without seeing your legs?) Now it's your turn. Because Skylines are here. And very on.

Watch the girls with the best fellas in the best places. Now take a look at their shoes. Uh-huh — you guessed it. Skylines.

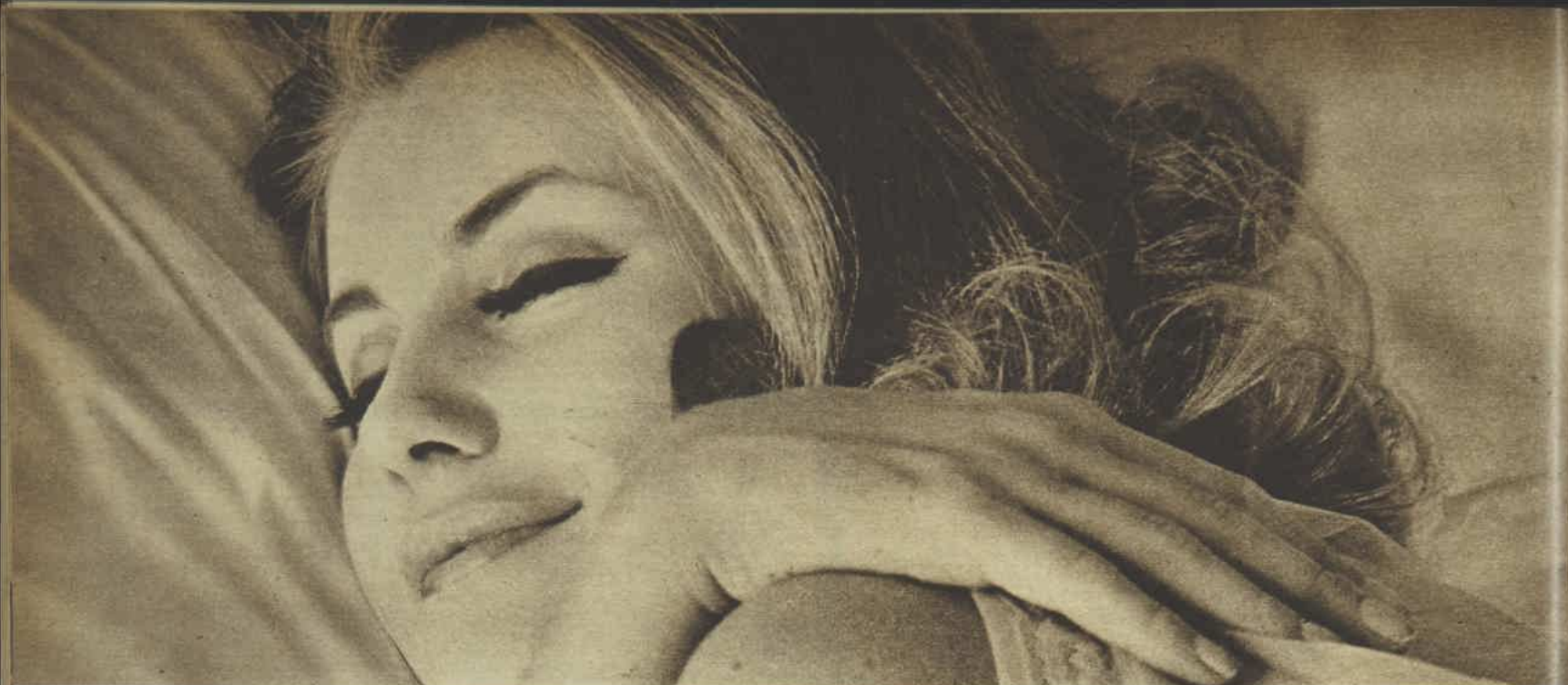
Go see them in your favourite store. Mean

co-ordinate colours — Chopstick, Snow-drift, Jet Set, Pink Gin, Sky Haze. Her Majesty's Navy, Wild Red. Opened up mostly. Two or three heel heights. Kinky kid. Slinky suede. Sneaky calf. Brassy patents. And multiple fittings.

All this, at a price *under ten dollars*. So let your head go. Two pairs. Three? Sure. You're a bird. Live it up.

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An extra hour's luxurious sleep without a minute longer in bed. How come?

Easy! Sleep on a Simmons Mattress.

The 27% greater body support of Simmons unique coils is worth another 60 minutes a night in refreshing, comfortable sleep.



The right kind of body support is vital for comfortable, relaxing sleep. That's why mattress coils are designed to "give" under your weight, making allowance for the natural contours of your body. Trouble is, the small twist in the centre of ordinary coils is a weak spot—the coils "give" too much, sag right down without springing back into place. But, with Simmons exclusive "King Rest" coils, it's a different story.

Only the first two twists at the top and bottom of a "King Rest" coil give under body weight. The centre of each coil has a special "circle of strength" which is tensioned and balanced for extra stability. "King Rest" coils adjust quickly to your body weight, then firm up to support you evenly.

This exclusive Simmons "King Rest" coil

construction means 27% greater body support than ordinary coils. That's why you're 27% more comfortable, why you relax more easily, sleep 27% better . . . and if you're an eight-hours-a-night kind of person, that's equal to at least another hour's deep, refreshing sleep!

Crushproof borders: Simmons exclusive patented crushproof borders protect your mattress, too. Edges never sag, and it retains its streamlined look right through its long life. What's more, "King Rest" coils double mattress life.

"Deep Sleep" Big Bed: Finally, if you're interested in a *big* bed, Simmons have just the thing. Their "Deep Sleep" model is a big 5' wide, a big 6' 8" long . . . wider and longer than ordinary double beds.

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Simmons "King Rest" Boxspring: right. Gives you greater sleeping support, greater comfort. Free from noise, dust, rust. And it lasts longer. The perfect mattress base.



"Lady Anne 312 Micro-Quilt" Micro-Quilt surface, 312 "King Rest" coils
3' mattress \$60 (£30)
4' 6" mattress \$70 (£35)
3' matching boxspring \$52.50 (£26/5/-)
4' 6" matching boxspring \$62.50 (£31/5/-)

"Regal 312 Micro-Quilt" Micro-Quilt surface, 312 "King Rest" coils
3' mattress \$65 (£27/10/-)
4' 6" mattress \$65 (£32/10/-)
3' matching boxspring \$50 (£25)
4' 6" matching boxspring \$60 (£30)

"Deep Sleep 300 Micro-Quilt" Micro-Quilt surface, 300 "King Rest" coils
3' mattress \$45 (£22/10/-)
4' 6" mattress \$55 (£27/10/-)
5' x 6' 8" mattress \$75 (£37/10/-)
3' matching boxspring \$42.50 (£21/5/-)
4' 6" matching boxspring \$52.50 (£26/5/-)
5' x 6' 8" matching boxspring \$60 (£30)

"Luxury 285 Micro-Quilt" Micro-Quilt surface, 285 "King Rest" coils
3' mattress \$40 (£20)
4' 6" mattress \$50 (£25)
3' matching boxspring \$40 (£20)
4' 6" matching boxspring \$50 (£25)

"Sleep King 264" With 264 "King Rest" coils
3' mattress \$33 (£16/10/-)
4' 6" mattress \$40 (£20)
3' matching boxspring \$33 (£16/10/-)
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"Slumber Queen 220" With 220 "King Rest" coils
2' 6" mattress \$24 (£12)
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3' 6" mattress \$31 (£15/10/-)
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PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN SOME AREAS

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TRADITION BLOWN UP, SKI-HIGH

NO snowslope seems complete without a tall, gorgeous-looking ski instructor — usually from Austria — who traditionally makes the girls' hearts flutter and the boys gnash their teeth.

And, with dozens of instructors from Europe and the United States flocking to Australia, the southern snowfields are amply graced this year.

One of the arrivals is 33-year-old bachelor Helmut Steinocker, who is working at Thredbo, N.S.W. He fits the picture of a snowslope heart-throb in all ways bar one — he's SHY!

Looking slightly embarrassed, Helmut, who comes from Linz, in Austria, was quick to disagree that all girls fall in love with ski instructors.

"This is only a big story you hear in the cities; it is different on the slopes," he said firmly.

"We meet people at parties, and sometimes I do date pupils — but they don't fall in love with you.

"Some pupils do marry instructors — but not many."

Obviously, girls don't regard local lads as abominable snowmen, after all!



● Helmut . . . sny

★ A New Zealand town, campaigning against drivers' excessive horn-blowing, has signs: "We don't care two hoots for horns."

The egg and sky!

★ Most people like their eggs boiled for exactly four minutes so that the yolk is soft and the rest firm.

But what about a boiled egg on a jet travelling 40,000ft. up at 600 miles an hour? If you boil it for exactly four minutes it turns out soft and watery.

Airline research cooks have solved the problem. The eggs are cooked for three minutes on the ground and then put on the plane.

There they are heated on a special tray without water in the oven at a temperature of 100 degrees Fahrenheit for 18 minutes. When they are served they are just right.

'Big gun' fires shot in battle

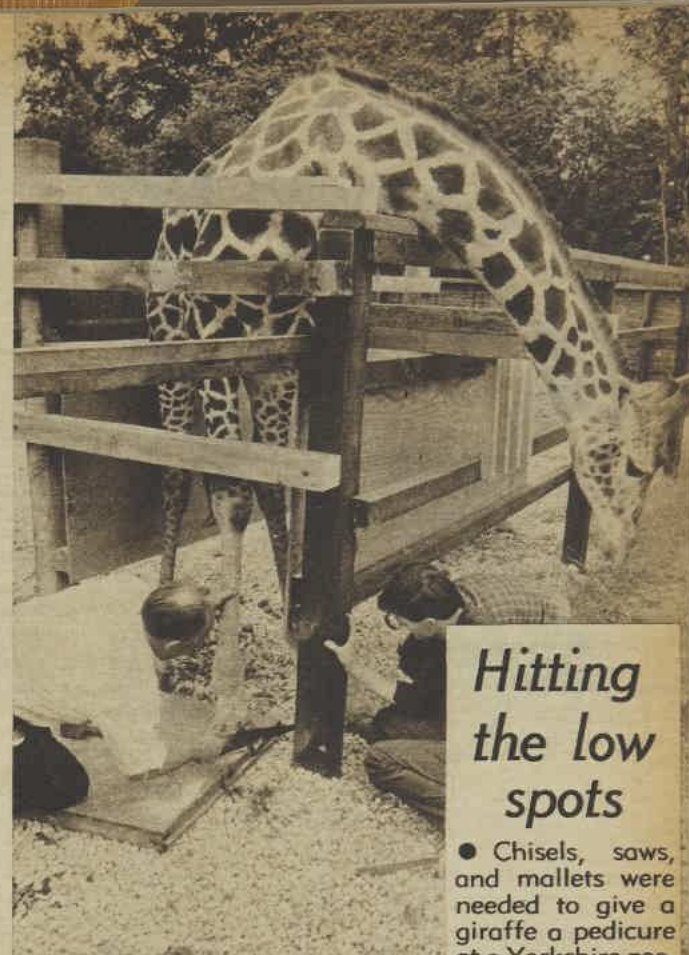
■ The "army" of people fighting to save Perth's century-old Barracks, in St. George's Terrace, has a new recruit.

Recently COMPACT told how Perth author Freda Vines—whose book "The Lonely Shore" we serialised in 1958—wrote a song called "I Met a Tall Soldier," in which a soldier's ghost pleads for his old "home."

Now top singer Rolf Harris has given the "civil war" a distinguished push along. He has taken the song and recorded it.

Freda Vines, who lives next to Rolf's parents in Perth and has heard him practising for many years, says the accompaniment is played by the singer.

Rolf's agent wrote to Freda: "Rolf has been very rushed, but he managed to get to a studio one evening to cut the tape. He took a great deal of trouble with it, and the trumpet sound sends shivers along my spine. He sends you his very best wishes and does hope it will do some good in the campaign to save the Barracks—a campaign with which he is wholeheartedly in sympathy."



Hitting the low spots

● Chisels, saws, and mallets were needed to give a giraffe a pedicure at a Yorkshire zoo. A special pen had to be built, too. What would happen if he needed a neck massage?

★ A Dutch bicycle manufacturer has designed a new bicycle which adjusts so it can be ridden by all members of a family — from the tender age of seven onwards.

COMPACT

■ "Sydney has everything . . ." That's the opinion of attractive English girl Jane Elliott (pictured below, right), who is completely infatuated with the city.

Yet she has seen some of the most exciting cities in the world.

Glamorous places like San Francisco, Hong Kong, Honolulu, Acapulco are all part of her working life—as hostess in the palatial liner Canberra, a job that makes her the envy of every girl who dreams of faraway places.

It is a demanding job, though.

"You have to be on call from nine in the morning until midnight, seven days a week," Jane said. "You must have the patience of a saint, never snap at a passenger, no matter how tired you feel—sometimes it's such an effort to smile that you feel your face is cracking!"

Her duties as hostess vary from teaching passengers the cha-cha and decorating the ship's ballroom for gala nights to organising cocktail parties, card competitions, and fashion shows. She also has to run a keep-fit class every morning.

"You must be willing to have a go at anything," she smiled. "For instance, before a gala event—like, say, Hawaiian Night—you help with the making of grass skirts and leis. You're even

HOSTESS: 'SYDNEY IS MOSTEST'

expected to know how to teach passengers the hula!"

Teacher at an English junior school, Jane heard about her present job over a drink in a London pub.

"Like most girls I had always dreamed of seeing the world," she said, "so I grabbed at this chance. I've been at sea for two years now, and feel I'd like to get a home port before I become a cynic. Sydney has everything I'm looking for."

Jane plans to "come home" next January.





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Especially designed for a woman's hand. Feel the balance and you'll know instantly!

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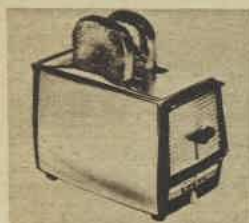
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LETTER BOX

• We pay \$2.00 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Curb extravagance

AS the children reached high school we found that, with extra demands on the budget, it was impossible to save. However, recently a rather large medical fee loomed ahead and, rather than dip into "rainy day" savings, I decided to think twice about every purchase for day-to-day living. I really made an effort, saved the money, and in doing so realised just how lazy and extravagant I had become. Now I feel it is a challenge, and have found a new interest for myself in learning how to get the most value for my money.

\$2 to "Saver" (name supplied), Penrith, N.S.W.

Rainbow guide

WE have had some lovely rainbows this winter, and I am teaching my grandchildren to remember their colors in the correct order by saying, "Robert of York gained battles in vain." The first letter of each word represents red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet.

\$2 to "Nana" (name supplied), Lorne, Vic.

A bit of procrastination

ON December 19, 1921, my music-teacher, who was also a painter, wrote on the left-hand page of my autograph book, "If a task is set to you, Don't idly sit and view it. Nor be content to wish it done. Begin at once to do it." She signed her name and wrote the date. On the opposite page, on which she promised to paint a colorful bird in flight, she pencilled the word "Reserved." The year is now 1966, and still the task is not done!

\$2 to "Manana" (name supplied), Goodwood Park, S.A.

Cure for vandals, bad drivers

VANDALISM is on the upsurge in Australia. I believe that matters won't improve until the offenders are made to repair the damage or have the required amount deducted from their income. Also, I think major traffic offenders should be ordered to spend a weekend, observing the scene, in the casualty departments of our large hospitals. Words and warning have proved fruitless—action is needed.

\$2 to Mrs. W. Grant, Youngtown, Tas.

"Muffins" is a comfort

EVERY night my youngest sister takes a rag doll with a china head to bed. One night, as I was tucking her in, she asked me to feel Muffins' head, saying, "It's hard, isn't it?" I agreed it was. "Well," my little sister explained, "I take Muffins to bed so that if a robber comes in the night I can knock him on the head with her."

\$2 to Penny McIntosh, Deepwater, N.S.W.



NIGHT AND DAY

• An Adelaide zoologist asked himself what use nocturnal animals were in a zoo, and changed the habits of a group of possums by housing them under bright lights at night and subdued lighting in daytime.

A possum, fond of verse, especially Byron's,
A literary possum, rather rare,
Untimely wrenched away from old environs,
Sat quoting with a sad, reproachful stare:

"We'll go no more a-roving" — you'll recall it;
If not, it's worth re-reading — look it up.
Our possum, crying bitterly, would bawl it
(A melancholy fellow since a pup).

He used to roam in moonlight through the blossom
Of scented gums, and sleep throughout the day.
Oh, it's sad to change the habits of a possum,
And that's the gist of what I have to say.

— Dorothy Drain

Pets' accommodation

MOTEL-PET-ELS are wanted by numbers of travellers whose holidays are marred worrying about pets fretting in their absence. I know of people who could not take holidays because their pets would not eat if they were away. Special accommodation for pets would not be as expensive to install as a swimming-pool, and many parents with small children, strongly attracted to water but unable to swim, fear to patronise motels with pools. Animals are not as destructive or noisy (when accompanied by their doting owners), or ungrateful for efforts to please them, as some humans.

\$2 to Mrs. R. Matthews, East Bundaberg, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

IT is an old custom for the winner of a beauty competition to burst into tears.

The latest Miss Universe, from all accounts, cried more than most. She was inconsolable when told she was the prettiest girl in the universe.

Between sobs, she explained why. "Now I'll have to go everywhere with a chaperon," she said.

Miss Universe clearly has the old-fashioned idea of a chaperon. She pictures one as a grim bodyguard, whose job is to keep the boys at a distance.

But from my observations the modern chaperon is not like that.

As a journalist I have seen a few of them in action. One such occasion was a cocktail party given in honor of a visiting Miss England.

To be candid, Miss England was a letdown. She was pretty, but she was one of the weariest girls I have met.

For days she had been going to lunches and mannequin parades and talking to aldermen and laying foundation stones. She was out on her feet.

CAREFREE CARETAKER

Her chaperon, by contrast, was in great fettle. She was an attractive young woman named Norma.

While Miss England yawned,



Norma chatted gaily to some admirers.

Miss England said to her: "I'm so tired, Norma. Can't I have an early night?"

The chaperon replied: "Don't worry, dear. You can pop into bed straight after dinner."

"Thank goodness," Miss England muttered. She tottered off to talk to some manufacturers.

I asked Norma if, as chaperon, she sat in on Miss England's meetings with boyfriends.

"Oh, dear no!" laughed Norma. "She has no time for anything like that. My job is to wake her up in the morning and see she gets to her appointments. The poor girl is terribly busy."

Two young men said: "Can you come to a party tonight, Norma? We're having a bit of a do at Harry's place."

"You bet! I'm just in the mood," the chaperon said.

Miss Universe might well cry at the thought of all the politicians and mayors and business leaders she will be meeting.

But she has no need to worry about having a chaperon. The only time a touring Miss This or That sees any gay life is when her chaperon arranges it.

Present-day chaperons are real swingers.

I only hope Miss Universe's chaperon does not lead her astray.

After all, there is nobody to chaperon the chaperon.

Dressing to please

YOU should dress to please yourself, Mrs. Cotterill, but also, if possible, dress with an eye to pleasing your husband. Some compromise is needed, and the husband should not be disregarded entirely.

\$2 to J. Knight, Glenorchy, Tas.

THE only answer is to decide who has the better taste. My husband taught me to dress smartly and in keeping with my age. Some men have a wonderful sense of what suits a woman. I used to buy clothes which the salesgirl and (sometimes) I liked, but they didn't do anything for me. At 50 I look 40 and feel younger. A husband knows his wife's personality and can advise accordingly. I say, if the men are gifted, let them help.

\$2 to "Helping Hand" (name supplied), Belfield, N.S.W.

MAN, who wears just what he prefers, should not have all the say in our clothes. Finding a dress you like, in both color and style, can make you feel a new woman, and some men would not be able to tell if a dress suited you or not. A wife should dress to suit herself, while making some allowances (such as a color he likes) for her husband when she goes out with him.

\$2 to Mrs. G. Rasmussen, Toowoomba, Qld.

DRESS to please yourself, but if your husband shows a preference for any color, get a dress or a coat in it. Wear it a lot and let him see you in it often. Then he will think you are dressing to please him.

\$2 to "Mum C." (name supplied), Dubbo, N.S.W.

BECAUSE she has to wear it, a wife should choose what she likes in clothing. However, it would be a mistake to buy something, in style or color, which you knew your husband particularly disliked. Every time you wore it you'd be greeted with "I don't like that" or "Not that thing!" and all the pleasure would be taken out of wearing it.

\$2 to "Be Sensible" (name supplied), Wallaroo Mines, S.A.

THERE are many times during the week when you are without your husband. That is the time to dress exactly as you wish—right down to your nail-polish. When going out with your husband, be fair—he has to look at you.

\$2 to "Dress Sense" (name supplied), Como, W.A.

IF you dislike the way your husband wants you to dress, then compromise, and wear what you like on one occasion and what your husband likes (unless his taste is too dreadful) on another occasion. If he refuses to approve, remind him that he must have liked your taste in clothes before marriage. I dress mostly to please my husband, but he, likes my taste (except slacks).

\$2 to Mrs. R. Beech, Bairnsdale, Vic.



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Modess* has a full length 'safety shield'

The exclusive 'safety shield' in all Modess Napkins extends the full length of the napkin and also around the sides, thus assuring complete protection at all times. This plus the luxurious softness of Masslinn* cover makes Modess the napkin you can trust.

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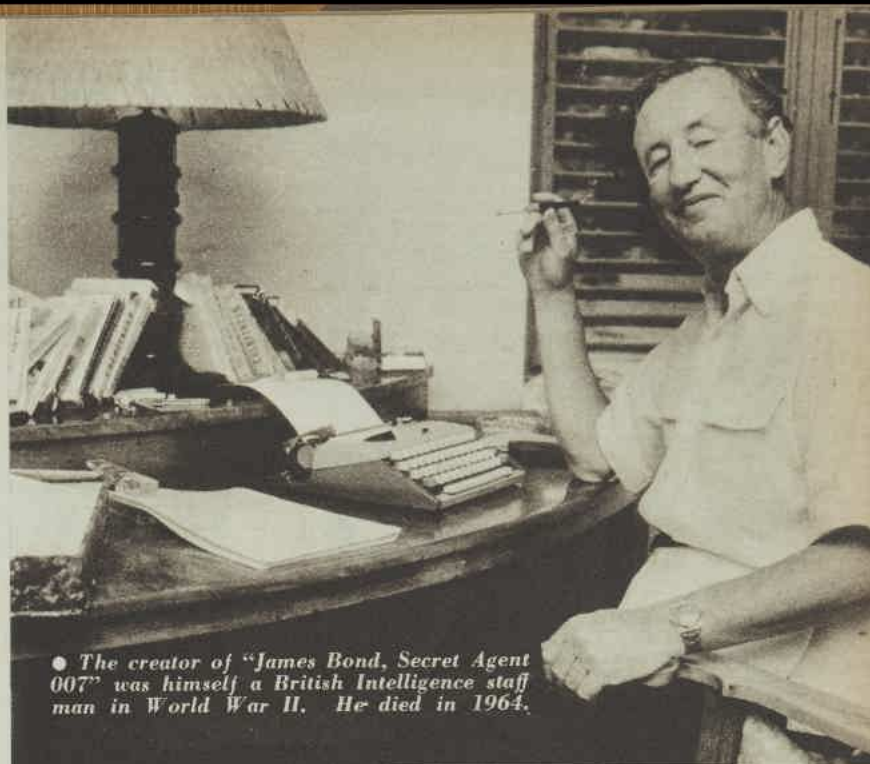
Exclusive full length 'safety shield'

in Regular, Super and Vee-Form* by Modess



IAN FLEMING

—the spy who came in with the gold



• The creator of "James Bond, Secret Agent 007" was himself a British Intelligence staff man in World War II. He died in 1964.

LISBON in 1941 was a hotbed of international intrigue. Refugees, black marketeers, businessmen with shady deals in wolfram, and every variety of agent and double agent flocked to the city. The young assistant to the Director of Naval Intelligence, Ian Fleming, recognised many suspect faces as he looked around the casino at Estoril.

He paid particular attention to the chemin de fer table, for gathered there were several of the leading members of German Intelligence, playing a high-stakes game.

"Look," he said to his chief, Admiral John Godfrey, pointing to the Germans, "what a wonderful chance for a little useful mischief."

"What do you mean?" the Admiral asked.

"I've been watching them. I'm sure we can take them at chemmy. That way we can run our own operations in Lisbon on German money."

"I don't play the game," the Admiral replied, "but if

you think you can do something, by all means go ahead."

Fleming had £50 travel money in his pocket and he was an experienced gambler. The Germans were making the bank at chemin de fer, and in this game the odds only slightly favor the banker.

Fleming thought that his own experience would more than offset the slight edge that the Germans would have. Of course, he knew he

defeats the Communist agent Le Chiffre at a game of chemin de fer, thereby putting an end to his evil machinations. As is so often the case, fiction turned out much, much better than real life ever had.

Ian Fleming was the most fantastically successful novelist (in commercial terms) of the past decade. What had been intended at the age of 43 as a mild diversion, eventually turned into a gold-plated industry, and he sold

with enormous popular appeal.

Fleming fitted together a certain combination of ingredients which was unique, and though he had no very high opinion of his creation and no very serious purpose in mind, he somehow drew from his imagination a character that pleasantly corresponded to the daydreams of his readers.

Like all writers, no matter what their intentions (and after the first book he de-

known events of his biography. In particular, James Bond is a summing up of a number of real men by whom Fleming was fascinated.

Ian Fleming's first personal hero, it is safe to say, was his father, who died in World War I, when Ian was only eight.

Ian probably had only slight personal memories of his father, Major Valentine Fleming, but, of course, a boy whose father is not present has all the more need and opportunity to idealise him.

In Ian's case he was on fairly safe ground, for Major Valentine Fleming, who was posthumously awarded the D.S.O., was the genuine article.

In 1927 a history of Major Fleming's regiment, the Oxfordshire Hussars, was published by Lieutenant Keith Falconer. If there is one officer who emerges from this account as always being in the right place in time to do the right thing, it is Major Valentine Fleming.

It is fairly certain that Ian Fleming knew this history, in which the record of his father's gallantry plays so conspicuous a part.

Edwardian England, Val-

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A BIOGRAPHY in two parts, by Henry A. Zeiger

would also have to be lucky.

He wasn't. Half an hour later he rejoined Godfrey, having dropped his entire stake, and shamefacedly requested additional travel funds. Godfrey handed them to him when they were both safely seated on the Clipper for Washington, far removed from the distractions of chemin de fer.

Years later, Ian Fleming used this situation as the basis for the central incident of his first novel, "Casino Royale."

In the novel the British agent James Bond decisively

a 51 percent share of his creation in 1964 for \$U.S.280,000.

A book that Fleming was sure no one would want to publish — and that he was even reluctant to acknowledge the existence of — led to a series of 12 novels with a sale of over 30,000,000 copies in the United States and England alone, and to three of the more profitable films of the era.

Whatever the final literary judgment as to the value of the novels, there is no question that in James Bond he succeeded in creating a hero

liberately cultivated commercial success), Fleming used his past life as it had survived in his memory for the stuff on which his imagination fed.

Of course, most of his novels are not autobiographical, and it was rarely the case that an incident like the one in the casino at Estoril fitted itself to the requirements of suspense with so little adaptation.

Still, there were certain patterns in his life, certain attitudes and feelings, which persist in his fiction and which can be traced in the

A GUN, A GIRL, A LASTING LEGEND



THE VISUAL IMAGE of James Bond is film star Sean Connery — here calling Daniela Bianchi's hand in "From Russia With Love."



IN "GOLDFINGER," Yugoslav actress Najia Regin holds 007's attention while Alf Joint makes with cash. Girls bestrew Bond's way.



IN "THUNDERBALL," a love scene with the Italian actress Luciana Paoluzzi. James Bond seems to have attained almost a life of his own.

entire Fleming's England, England before the Great War, was certainly a very good thing for some people, and among those people were the Flemings. Ian's paternal grandfather, Robert Fleming, was a private banker and a sometime associate of J. P. Morgan.

From the size of Valentine Fleming's estate, it can be surmised that Robert Fleming was a very successful man and that his success gave his son the chance to lead an extremely comfortable life in the style of an English country gentleman of the best type.

For while Valentine was among those lucky people in Edwardian England who took it for granted that the world was a pleasant place to live in, he was not a man of leisure.

From "Who's Who" we learn that he attended Eton, where he rowed on the Eton Eight, and then went on to Magdalen College at Oxford, from which he graduated in 1905 with honors in History. He was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple in 1907 and became a partner in his father's firm of bankers, Robert Fleming and Company.

Valentine married Evelyn B. St. C. Rose, reportedly one of the most beautiful women in England, and set up housekeeping in Oxfordshire while also maintaining a residence in London.

He was an enthusiastic hunter and listed his recreations for "Who's Who" as "deer-stalking, salmon-fishing, fox-hunting," adding

that he kept "a pack of Bas-set hounds."

Peter Fleming, Ian's brother, remembers his grandfather's country house as being "unmanageably capacious."

This house was sufficiently large and unmanageable after World War II's emancipation of domestic servants to have been turned into a convalescent home run by the Ministry of Health. In the days before the Great War, however, there was no servant shortage, and particularly large country houses were staffed by as many as 50, while the masters busied



themselves with the sports of the field and the delights of the table.

Breakfast in the days of Ian Fleming's father was a banquet, and Lady Cynthia Asquith recalled: "Most households were cheerfully resigned to breakfast . . . going on till half past ten or so, and the little blue flames under the array of lidded silver chafing-dishes kept piping hot the crisp, curly bacon, eggs (poached, boiled, and fried), mounds of damp kedgeree (made with salmon), haddocks swimming in melted butter, sputtering sausages, and ruddily exuding kidneys.

"First, the young men of the party would line them-

selves with porridge immersed in thick yellow cream. Next they would pile some of the contents of nearly every hot dish on to their plates. This course consumed, they would ram down scones, thickly buttered and topped with home-made jam, marmalade, or honey.

"Fruit from the walls, nets, or hothouses of the kitchen garden wound up this minor meal."

James Bond's later role as a connoisseur of the fine physical things of life owes something to this ideal of the English gentry as conspicuous consumers.

Also, a great deal of his (and others') animus against the paltry aspects of existence in the era of the Cold War must derive from a feeling that they had lost their upper-middle-class inheritance of servants, foxes, gun rooms, and large breakfasts.

In 1910 Valentine Fleming won a seat in the House of Commons as Conservative member for South Oxfordshire.

In the House he did not play a conspicuous part in the great debates of the day, for he was only 28 when he took his seat. He did, in one speech, accuse the Liberals of "giving way to an extreme section of their party."

Lloyd George and the Liberals were trying to change the England of fox hunts and country houses. Lloyd George said, "Who

ordained that a few should have the land of Britain as a perquisite? Who made 10,000 people owners of the soil, and the rest of us trespassers on the land of our birth?"

These were bitter words, and the feelings they produced in those under attack were also bitter. The paradise of Edwardian England was threatened.

Valentine was not only master of a country estate and Member of Parliament; he was also an officer in the Oxfordshire Hussars, a cavalry regiment trained in the tactics in vogue in the late 19th century, which proved to be of no possible use to them during the war they actually fought.

The attitude both officers and men had to their duties in the days before the war may be indicated by an anecdote.

During the annual training the command of one lieutenant executed a manoeuvre in a particularly ex-cruciating fashion, where-upon the brigade commander icily inquired whether the lieutenant considered himself a soldier, only to be told, "Good Lord, no, sir. I'm a stockbroker."

After a short period of muddling around in England, Valentine Fleming's regiment quickly found themselves in the midst of a very real war. They fought in the

first battle of Ypres and their role was summarised by Lord French in his book "1914."

"I must add a few words as to the fine part played in the fighting of 1st November by the Oxfordshire Hussars and the London Scottish. They were the first Territorial troops who fought in the war."

Valentine Fleming was promoted to major, and in 1917 was killed by a shell at Gillemont Farm. He was posthumously awarded the D.S.O.

At the time of his death he was still a Member of Parliament. Winston Churchill, who had been on active duty with the Oxfordshire Hussars for a short period during the war and who was familiar with Fleming's career, wrote his obituary for "The Times."

IAN FLEMING was always reticent about his personal affairs. He was not impressed by those who claim that the child is father to the man to such an extent that our later years are only a working out of our early sorrows.

Because of these attitudes he never said much about his childhood, and since the members of his immediate family seem to share these beliefs, we have relatively little information on Fleming's early years.

We do know that the family was wealthy and the style of life grand but not ostentatious.

Fleming, in an interview, called his childhood "over-privileged" and said that since all creative writers were by rule neurotic, he was also. He thought he was "rather melancholic, and probably slightly maniacal as well," but added that he had never been sufficiently interested in the subject to think very deeply about it.

Geoffrey Bocca reported that Fleming was sent as a young boy to "an especially tough school which specialised in beating conformity into young children."

Robert Harlach also speculated about Fleming's childhood. He wrote:

"The English upper crust wants and needs affection as deeply as any other crust, but impulses toward this important emotional release are frequently stifled for them at about the age of eight, when boys go away to boarding school. Affection by letter and postcard is as broken-backed as most other emotions by proxy. The boys grow up professing to hate what they so need.

"Hence the undertones of sadism and masochism so frequent among British males. Hence, perhaps, those passages in the Bond books which have provoked such bitter attacks."

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IN WITH THE GOLD

The first formative influence on Fleming about which we have any solid information is Eton, which he attended, as did his father and his older brother, Peter, before him. Fleming seems to have had a somewhat ambivalent attitude toward Eton and the joys of public school.

This is a rather common English trait, and somewhat parallels the feeling of many men for the Army: that is to say, at the time the whole thing seems to be an unnecessary ordeal, but as it fades into memory you feel rather proud of yourself for having endured it and come to realise that it has strengthened your character in some inscrutable fashion and therefore should not be criticised, particularly by outsiders or those who did not make the grade.

Paul Gallico tells a story of wandering around Eton with Fleming after he had become a famous author and noticing that his normally florid face paled as he approached his old dormitory. Gallico eventually found out that he was thinking about a particularly painful episode.

Fleming at Eton was a successful athlete but also somewhat high spirited. He had accumulated a number of offences and was caned by the headmaster just before the start of an important race. After this punishment he ran and finished second, with blood streaming down the backs of his legs.

Gallico concluded: "Ian had one of the stiffest upper lips I have ever encountered upon any of my English friends. He was a courageous man."

The novelist William Plomer, who was at Eton at the same time, recalls him as "an athlete of exceptional power." He was twice Victor Ludorum, or decathlon champion, the only boy ever to turn this trick, and before he was 16 he had won every athletic event except the high jump.

He attained his first taste of fame by these feats, for the news of his success travelled beyond Eton and he was featured in newsreels.

Plomer adds that Fleming was not merely a "muscle-boy." At Eton he possessed great intellectual curiosity, and eagerly sought out Plomer's first novel, which reviewers had called "volcanic."

Plomer gives him credit for a "sharp flair, like that of a mine detector, for a new threat to dullness and complacency."

Fleming admitted there was a dark side to Eton, but seemed to think that the stiff upper lip could win through.

In a review he did for "The Sunday Times," in 1962, of "The Fourth of June," a novel by David Benedictus exposing Eton, he wrote:

"Briefly, the story is of Scarfe, a grammar school boy, bent and finally broken by the snobbery, sadism, and sexuality (hetero-, homo-, and auto-) which, in

the Benedictian view, are the devils in the machine of an Eton education . . .

"Knowing nothing of the strains and stresses suffered by the modern Scarfes beneath the weight of Eton and its customs . . . an older Etonian might complain, I think legitimately, that the author has outstripped the bounds of truth in laying Scarfe's downfall to the three S's mentioned above."

Fleming did not deny that these three S's (to which many critics assign a prominent place in his fiction) existed at Eton. He merely said that they were not, in the last analysis, all that important.

In another article he was more explicit about these matters. He said he was "bullied at school and lost my virginity like so many of us used to do in the old days."

This homosexuality in English public schools is accepted as more or less a matter of course and nothing

able," and compared him unfavorably with his older brothers, who were all doing "splendidly."

Ian opted for the Foreign Service and went abroad to study languages at the University of Geneva and the University of Munich. He learned to speak and write fluent French and German and picked up a smattering of Russian.

He later felt that this was the most important part of his education and "a tremendous extension of one's life generally," while all the other things he had learned at Eton and Sandhurst were forgotten.

AFTER two years in Germany and Switzerland, Ian came home and took the Foreign Service examination. He finished seventh, and there were only five openings, so the Foreign Service was out and he was once again without a career.

The year was 1931 and the



much to write home about. It is a phase through which some boys pass and to which other boys are subjected, and nothing more.

After Eton, Fleming went on to the military college at Sandhurst, and not to Oxford, where his brother Peter had a brilliant career as a student.

At Sandhurst, Ian received a commission in a cavalry regiment but turned it down because "they were mechanising the Army, and a lot of us decided we didn't want to be garage hands running those bloody tanks."

This is an interesting comment, because it echoes that theme of the vulgarity of so much of modern life which repeats itself in the Bond novels.

War, of course, is not primarily an aesthetic activity, and despite the lack of "polo" and "pigsticking," which Fleming apparently identified with the great days of the cavalry regiments, it is a fact that the British Army did not mechanise sufficiently between the two wars and as a result was almost blitzkrieged out of existence in the early days of World War II.

The decision to drop out of the Army, Fleming said, infuriated his mother, who insisted that he do something, "something respect-

Depression was well under way. Fleming was 23, and, aside from studying at a number of different schools, he had done nothing but some book collecting. He looked around for a job that would make use of his talents and education, and eventually found it.

He got it through a friend of his mother's, Sir Roderick Jones, who was then chairman of Reuters. Fleming wrote Sir Roderick a letter, enclosing a letter of recommendation from a mutual acquaintance. Ian's letter is as follows:

"I don't expect you will remember me, although we did once meet at a party here. I hope you won't think me presumptuous taking advantage of your friendship with my mother in order to write to you personally. My object in doing so is, briefly, as follows.

"I have just taken the Foreign Office exam and passed adequately, but not brilliantly. In the normal course of events I should try again, but I have decided not to, as I am really longing to start regular work as soon as possible.

"My education has been 'international' above all else—Eton-Munich University-Geneva University-Hautes Etudes Internationales' at Geneva

and various minor institutions such as the 'Foyer des Etudes Slaves' at Paris, etc.

"My languages are essentially practical, i.e., conversational, yet in the F.O. exam I got 70 percent for both French and German and 56 percent for Russian. I have a good knowledge of Psychology and a Swiss 'certificate' in Anthropology.

"I worked for the Austrian Government in the Secretariat of the League of Nations (Section for Intellectual Co-operation) and have translated one book and several articles from the German.

"I have mentioned these facts in order to give you a vague idea of my capabilities and interests, and in the hope that you might consider the possibility of my being of use to Reuters. I have been given an idea of the work at Reuters, and I can only say that there is no profession I should prefer or to which I should devote myself with so much enthusiasm.

"These are vain words and I should very much like to come and see you, if you think there is any chance of my getting into Reuters. Could you spare me a moment any day early next week?

"These are hard times and I expect you are chary of engaging any new staff. I shall be all the more grateful should you decide to take me on."

In spite of these considerations, Fleming had come at the right moment.

Sir Roderick Jones was trying to improve Reuters' position with regard to the American competition, and he had the notion that a few public school boys such as Fleming might improve the tone of Reuters' dispatches.

Fleming got the job and his mother wrote to Sir Roderick, thanking him. She said:

"I am so glad that you are giving Ian a trial. I am disappointed in a way that he is not having another try for the F.O. exam, as we never expected him to get in this year.

"However, I am delighted that he passed the exam and if you find him useful it may be all for the best! He loved his first day with you and I do hope you will like him. He has great character and is supposed to be very intelligent, though I ought not to say so! I am just back and hope to see you and Enid soon."

Fleming survived his month's trial period and showed himself to be a diligent, persevering reporter.

Recalling this period after his later success, he said that news agency work in the early 'thirties was "like a gigantic football match" and proved "highly enjoyable."

"In those days the paper came first, the story came first, you were out to beat hell out of the opposition, and the pay and the hours of

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THE SPY WHO

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work meant nothing," he said.

Fleming also won over his superiors at Reuters by his attention to detail and his willingness to take on niggling little assignments.

After a year of hard work and beating the opposition, he had convinced himself that he was well on the way to becoming a good newspaperman and he wrote to Sir Roderick Jones, asking him to double his salary.

This was not as outrageous a request as it might appear to be on the surface, since Fleming had received the very nominal salary of £150 a year. Even keeping in mind that the cost of living in 1931 was considerably lower than it is at present, this was hardly enough to keep a fashionable young man with expensive tastes.

He got his rise, in two stages, and Sir Roderick wrote a note to the chief accountant saying that "a definite exception is being made for him because of the special circumstances of his case," the special circumstances being that he could very easily get another job paying more money and that Reuters didn't want to lose him.

He was well thought of by his contemporaries and his elders. Alaric Jacob, who started with him on Fleet Street, recalled:

"He was not, at the start, a brilliant journalist: others of our circle . . . progressed much faster than he, but behind Ian's languid good looks, the canny Scots way he had of deploying his talents, and his delightful capacity for friendship many people detected a glittering potential."

Others at the time had this same impression of a man who would some day do great things, but no one seemed quite sure of what they would be.

William Plomer recalled meeting him at a garden party given by his mother:

"At that first encounter he struck me as no mere conventional young English man-of-the-world of his generation; he showed more character, a much quicker brain, and a promise of something dashing or daring. Like a mettlesome young horse, he seemed to show the whites of his eyes and to smell battle from afar."

IN the spring of 1933 this promising young man received his first important newspaper assignment and at the same time came into contact with the world of darkness, secrecy, strange lies, and stranger truth which he was later to make peculiarly his own.

On March 13, 1933, "The Times" reported: "BRITISH SUBJECTS ARRESTED. ACTION BY OGPU IN MOSCOW."

The brief story told how Alan Monkhouse, W. H. Thornton, John Cushny, and W. H. Macdonald, all of whom were employed by the Metro-Vickers Company of

Manchester, had been arrested by the secret police along with a Latvian and four Russians who worked for the company.

Monkhouse had been taken by some half-dozen OGPU men, who had surrounded his house while he was eating dinner, and the company's offices had been raided and its records seized. Later, two other British subjects, A. W. Gregory and C. de Nordwall, were arrested.

The early reports of this affair in the English papers seem somewhat naive.

They express a mixture of shock and incredulity. Various statements were produced speculating about the nature of the crimes the four engineers had committed and whether or not they were guilty of these acts.

It only gradually occurred to the newsmen that the entire question of an actual offence and of guilt or innocence might be irrelevant to those who had ordered the arrests.

It was in these first days of speculation that Ian Fleming entered the case.

He wrote a story, which was released with a Riga dateline, saying that the men would be charged with espionage in connection with the construction of the Dnieprostroy dam.

Since this was the first specific information on the nature of the accusation against the Metro-Vickers engineers, the story created a sensation in England and for a time got Fleming in a little hot water.

The report was quoted by the BBC, who did not contact Metro-Vickers before carrying it. Metro-Vickers was indignant about the story.

Fleming had got his information from a friend who was employed by Metro-Vickers. When the company issued its categorical denial of the story, the Reuters staff naturally wanted to know further details of how it had come in.

Fleming wrote a memorandum describing how he had obtained this scoop. It read, in part, as follows:

"The story originated from a friendly conversation with Mr. Gerald Coke, of Industrial Steels Ltd., in the Vickers Combine, who told me the latest facts as ascertained by Mr. Anthony Vickers. At the same time, he emphasised that the charges were fantastic, as was expected, but not mechanically impossible. Perhaps the 'fantastic' angle was not sufficiently emphasised in my story."

Charges of wrecking at the Dnieprostroy dam were not filed against the Metro-Vickers people, but similar charges of wrecking on other projects were. The mistake everyone, including Fleming, was making was in assuming that the people such as Vyshinsky, who prosecuted the Metro-Vickers case, would be much bothered if their accusations were demonstrated to be fantastic.

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ever stronger. Then he "began to hear funny little questions" being asked about him; friends would tell him that so-and-so had been asking where he had been, what did he know, and so on.

These funny little questions eventually turned into an offer that was to determine Fleming's career for the next six years, and which in turn played a great part in the writing of the Bond books.

THE people asking questions about Fleming were Naval Intelligence.

They needed a man who had "good languages and some knowledge of The City," and Fleming had been recommended to them by the governor of the Bank of England and the head of Baring Brothers, a large firm of merchant bankers; he seemed to fill the bill.

The upshot was that he was invited to lunch at the Carlton Hotel by Admiral John H. Godfrey "and a couple of other very quiet characters in plain clothes," and when the lunch was over he was asked to join the Navy as Personal Assistant to Admiral Godfrey, who was Director of Naval Intelligence.

He was given a commission as lieutenant in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve and went to work at the Admiralty.

Fleming liked and respected Admiral Godfrey, who in many ways served as the model for "M" in the later Bond novels.

Godfrey was a remarkable officer according to those who knew him best. Tall and broad-shouldered, he had a reputation as one of the

best navigators in the Fleet, and yet he more closely resembled a prosecuting attorney than an old sea dog. When cross-examining a subordinate, his habitual frown often gave way to a steely grin that left strong men weak and perspiring by the time the interview was over.

Godfrey quickly recruited a formidable array of unconventional talent to provide the Navy with intelligence about Axis operations.

It was a job that badly needed doing but for which the British were ill-prepared. At the start of the war, years of neglect had weakened this particular branch of the Navy, and Fleming and his Admiral were aware that they would have to work like titans to repair the damage.

The Admiral assembled a battery of lawyers, professors, reporters, industrial designers, geologists, and geographers, put them into harness with Royal Navy Commanders and Royal Marine Majors, and demanded immediate results.

Fleming was the link between Godfrey and all the multitudinous activities of the department, which ranged through cracking codes, setting up bizarre false scents for the other side to trip over, preparing maps of enemy-occupied territory, interrogating spies, and training British agents. Fleming had to know and report to Admiral Godfrey what all these assorted branches were up to every hour of the day.

In the early days of the war they had a number of

embarrassing moments, for though it was soon apparent what the principal weaknesses in Naval Intelligence were, it took some time to take the necessary steps to assemble a smoothly operating and efficient department.

Obviously, Fleming and Godfrey had their work cut out for them as the war began.

Fleming was squarely in the centre of all the muddle and his position was far from an easy one. Godfrey often used him as liaison with other services and departments in the Navy, and there must have been trying days when these people felt that Naval Intelligence was letting them down.



In addition, Fleming was expected to ride herd on the men who were slowly shaking down to an effective team; he often had to demand results from them before they were well settled into their jobs.

It was particularly galling to Fleming to be an administrator, sending men out to perform deeds of daring that he genuinely longed to tackle himself.

He sat at a corner desk six feet from the door, and within his purview came every visitor, every file, every barrage of questions from

the always inquisitive Godfrey, and every reply from the harried staff.

The Department of Naval Intelligence was known as NID 17, and Fleming signed all his correspondence 17F. The Department was located in Room 39 of the Old Admiralty, and with Fleming in the room were others of Godfrey's staff—a stockbroker, a lawyer, two Royal Navy captains, a paymaster, and a confidential secretary.

From his window Fleming could see straight across the Horse Guards Parade to Number 10 Downing Street and the Foreign Office, the dual centres of Great Britain's wartime activity.

Across the gravel square he could watch the comings and goings of the head of the Secret Service, the General-in-Charge of SOE (experts on sabotage and resistance), and the various Chiefs-of-Staff.

AT that time Fleming was in some ways the image of James Bond. He was in his early thirties and had a long, sad face with cleanly etched features and very clear blue eyes. He moved gracefully and with determination.

He never got to play an active part in the war, aside from a stint as observer at the Dieppe raid and various trips with Admiral Godfrey. He used to complain of getting corns on his backside from so much sitting.

Yet, sitting at his desk, Fleming played an important role in the British war effort.

He introduced Sefton Delmer, whom he had known

before the war, to Godfrey, and Godfrey resolved to use him as an agent in Lisbon. Before this was possible, Delmer became involved in the operation of a "black" radio station directed at Germany.

Briefly, the idea of "black" radio was to direct a barrage of the dirtiest kind of propaganda at the enemy in the hopes of breaking his morale. It was distinguished from "white" radio in that Great Britain took no official responsibility for what was said over it, so that lies and deceptions could be perpetrated which were not possible for the BBC.

Fleming saw the value this kind of operation might have for Naval Intelligence, and it was a simple matter for him to convince Godfrey.

Delmer had always wanted to operate a station aimed at the German armed forces, and now he was given his chance. The station was called Atlantiksender.

Atlantiksender purported to be run by the German Navy to provide entertainment and news for their personnel at sea and in foreign naval stations.

Delmer assembled a mixed staff of English staff officers and Germans who had decided that Hitler was not for them. In colloquial German, the station operated on a formula of mixing a heavy proportion of cover stories with occasional bits of dirt.

The cover stories came from the usual official German sources, and Atlantiksender even broadcast speeches by Goebbels and Hitler, while dirt was often a fact twisted slightly or a wholecloth fabrication.

Fleming followed the work

To you and your family—Here's good health

RHEUMATISM

When your body calls for help!

BACKACHE, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, MUSCLE AND JOINT PAINS.

Feel well again! Feel free from crippling pain! Thousands have proved there's no need to suffer simply because of sluggish kidneys. You can prove it too! De Witt's Pills stimulate your kidneys and flush out trouble-causing impurities. Special ingredients bring relief, help you move freely again and face life with a smile. A safe antiseptic corrects simple bladder infections, too.

Try De Witt's Pills for your trouble NOW! Enjoy a life free from rheumatism, backache, joint or muscle pains. Remember—within 24 hours of taking De Witt's you will see unmistakable evidence they are working on your kidneys.

NEW DE WITT'S PILLS NOW AVAILABLE IN VICTORIA, TASMANIA & W.A.

De Witt's Pills

OOOH!—MY INDIGESTION AAAH—RELIEF!

DE WITT'S
SOLD IN
OVER
80
COUNTRIES
FAMILY MEDICINES

Down goes DeWitt's Antacid Powder... away goes indigestion, heartburn, flatulence! You too can forget digestive troubles when you take DeWitt's—always dependable. DeWitt's Antacid Powder has a triple action!

- ★ Firstly excess acid is quickly neutralised
- ★ Secondly, a protective layer is spread over the inflamed stomach lining.
- ★ Thirdly, an important ingredient—aluminum hydroxide gives prolonged relief.

Wonderful relief—settled stomach—enjoy eating without 'suffering afterwards', thanks to the seven carefully balanced ingredients in DeWitt's Antacid Powder. Suits all ages.

ALSO AVAILABLE IN HANDY TABLET FORM

DeWitt's ANTACID POWDER

IN WITH THE GOLD

of Atlantiksender, and he must have been often amused and always intrigued by its antics, particularly those which were directly calculated to break down the morale of the German Navy.

Atlantiksender reported in great detail the raids on German cities, even going so far as to list the names of streets which had been damaged. Many Germans believed, because of the authenticity of this information, that the radio had agents throughout Germany feeding them this and other information.

The truth was somewhat simpler. Delmer's staff received reports from the RAF, including pictures taken by a reconnaissance plane minutes after a bombing was over, and from this was able to prepare an accurate picture of the bombing after the planes returned to their bases.

One of black radio's more spectacular successes involved the Italian fleet.

After the invasion of Italy, Radio Livorno was set up to induce the Italian Navy to surrender to the Allies. Pretending to operate from

an Italian warship at Livorno, the station continually warned against German attempts to seize the Italian fleet.

Then it gradually became apparent that Livorno was negotiating a surrender of the Italian Navy to Admiral Cunningham. Finally, on September 10, 1943, Radio Livorno ordered the Italian Navy to surrender to the Allies at Malta, and the Italian ships put to sea and obediently surrendered.

Actually, the commanding Italian officers had long since known that Radio Livorno was broadcasting under the orders of Admiral Cunningham; they surrendered because the terms offered were acceptable to them.

By this point in the war, Naval Intelligence had come a long way since its low point during the invasion of Norway.

Agents had been recruited, aerial reconnaissance pinpointed enemy shipping, monitors kept German radio traffic under constant surveillance, and other technical devices, such as radar and sonar, had been introduced to detect German U-boats.

By 1943 Admiral Doenitz was lamenting, "The enemy knows all our secrets and we know none of his."

Putting together an organisation from scratch that effectively informed the Admiralty of the enemy's every move was a remarkable achievement for Godfrey and his personal assistant, Ian Fleming.

The secret war for Fleming was not all well-drilled organisation and cold administration. It had its comic-opera moments.

FLEMING once had the notion that he could obtain valuable secret information from the captured navigator and captain on a U-boat on how they had avoided the British minefields in the Skagerrak if he wine and dined them sufficiently.

He took them out of the prison camp, together with a British officer from the submarine service, and, after a day's sightseeing in London, brought them to Scott's, a posh Piccadilly restaurant. All concerned drank and ate heartily while Fleming talked about the sea to his German "brothers" and sympathised with them about being forced to fight by the wicked politicians.

While this was going on, one of the waiters became suspicious of the entire set-up and tipped off Scotland Yard.

Fleming arrived back at his office and, after tipsily reporting that he had not learned a thing about the Germans in the Skagerrak, received a dressing-down from Godfrey, who icily informed him that the only result of his sortie was to mobilise half the detectives in Scotland Yard to investigate the suspicious dinner party at Scott's.

In 1940 a letter addressed to the Minister of Home Defence came into the possession of the Joint Intelligence Committee.

It had supposedly been written by a German agent who had been sent into the country a year or two earlier, along with a number of German refugees. He described in minute detail the preparations for an attack by a battalion of German paratroops at Southend, an English seaside resort.

The letter was taken seriously and preparations were made to give the paratroops a hostile reception.

Fleming, in due course, heard about all this and pointed out that since the attack was scheduled for Sunday valuable time would be lost in giving an account of the battle, which was bound to be widely played up in the Press to the anxiously waiting world.

Impressed by this reasoning, the Joint Intelligence Committee sent Fleming and a companion bowling down to Southend in a camouflaged staff car, with all the credentials necessary to act as official eyewitnesses and report the great battle for posterity.

All this took place during Britain's darkest hour, shortly after Dunkirk, when there was good reason for expecting a German attack. Arriving in Southend on a Bank Holiday weekend, Fleming found the place in a surprisingly festive mood.

Moving about the countryside, he found some gunners at Shoburyness who didn't have any guns, a lonely Lewis gun protruding from the bandstand of a long pier, and, as dusk fell, a scattering of men from the Pioneer Corps who had been re-mustered after Dunkirk and didn't seem to know who their officers were.

Wondering whether to laugh or cry, Fleming joined a party of naval officers on the roof of a hotel and anxiously peered out to sea, while from the ballroom came the strains of "The Lambeth Walk."

As the night wore on the whole mission began to seem farcical, and after one o'clock, when no unusual air activity had been reported, Fleming and his companion returned to their car, piled their drunken driver into the back seat, and returned to London.

In 1941, after the battle of Crete, Fleming was given his most interesting assignment in Naval Intelligence. At Crete the Germans had sent on with their advance units an operational intelligence unit whose sole job was to seize intelligence data at British forward headquarters, make an on-the-spot evaluation of what they ob-

To page 44

Fashion FROCKS

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Enjoy this Cheese Cake sweetened with Sucaryl Liquid

SAVE 320 CALORIES

Weight-watching? Then enjoy the sweet things in life again with Sucaryl low-calorie recipes:

BEAT 2 egg yolks in basin over boiling water till thick and lighter in colour. ADD 3 tablespoons powdered skim milk, ½ cup water, 2 dessertspoons Sucaryl Liquid and stir over hot water till thickened (about 10 mins). SOAK 2 dessertspoons gelatine in ¼ cup cold water and add to egg custard, stirring till dissolved. COOL. PRESS 1 cup (8 ozs.) cottage cheese through coarse sieve and stir in ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla and pinch salt. BLEND with custard mixture. FOLD IN 2 egg whites beaten till stiff. POUR into prepared dish and chill for at least 4 hours. SPRINKLE with ground nutmeg. Serves 8. 85 calories per serve.



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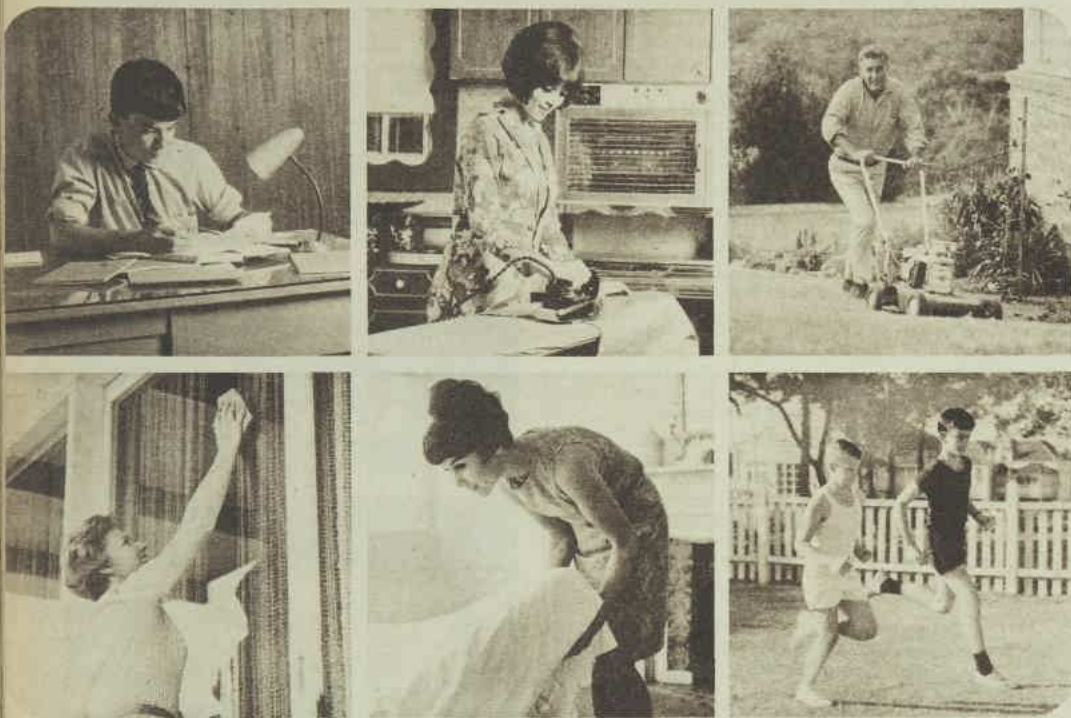
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VITAMIN-MINERAL SUPPLEMENTS AND TONICS

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GENERAL PHARMA PTY. LTD.
Sydney, Australia



The spy who came in with the gold

From page 43

tained, and then send it back to Germany.

This German unit was extremely successful. Admiral Godfrey determined to create a British unit based on this German model, and he placed Fleming in charge.

The unit was designated Number 30 Assault Unit, or 30 AU, and it began to operate in the Middle East, working in conjunction with the Eighth Army.

Thirty AU was, in effect, a private army, and the men in it liked it immensely, combining as it did all the thrills of piracy with an absence of military discipline.

As preparations were being made for D-day in Europe,

the unit was withdrawn from the south and brought back to England, where Fleming could directly supervise its activities.

By this time, Fleming was serving under a new Director of Naval Intelligence, Rear-Admiral Rushbrooke, a tall, intellectual type who was less inclined to adventure than Godfrey. He sometimes seemed alarmed at 30 AU's antics, but was unable to gainsay the results.

Fleming divided 30 AU into two sections, Royal Navy and Royal Marines.

The Marines were to do any fighting necessary to get at the information desired and the Navy was to collect and evaluate it. The Marines were a collection of cocky,

courageous rascals who performed their duties well in battle but were inclined to go chasing women and strong drink the minute the action was over.

After D-day, 30 AU performed valuable service in obtaining technical knowledge of U-boat construction, torpedo performance, and German electronic equipment by rushing in and grabbing it in the midst of the battle for Europe.

The unit also had its share of characters, who sometimes drove Fleming frantic. There was one man completely without nerves, whose idea of kicks was to commandeer a jeep and drive around no-man's-land dodging shellfire. There was also a bomb-

disposal ace who insisted that he had no knowledge of mechanical things and proved it by getting himself stranded when his jeep slipped a fanbelt.

Fleming also had to contend with a diver who always popped back to the surface after inspecting a sunken sub just in time to rendezvous with the brandy and soda his current girlfriend was preparing.

Still more aggravating, and more important to Fleming, was the fact that he was expected to control half a dozen highly individualistic splinter groups which were wandering all over the map of Europe on a treasure hunt for German intelligence data.

He proved to be patient and long-suffering with his often unruly subordinates, and composed long letters to them explaining their tasks.

He did the job almost too well, for the success of 30 AU was such that it was noticed by the higher brass and his private army was finally absorbed into the larger T-force under SHAEF and General Eisenhower.

Before this happened, Fleming wangled a few trips to Europe to inspect conditions in the field. On one of these he found it necessary to ask General Patton for permission for 30 AU to operate with Patton's army. Patton was a great actor and, in addition to granting Fleming's request, favored him with a vivid account of how the war would be won.

Later, Fleming and Robert Harlach, a member of 30 AU, stopped by the roadside to goggle a few cans of Spam and wash them down with a bottle of Calvados someone had commandeered. After Patton's stirring speech and the brandy, the war seemed almost over, and Harlach asked Fleming what he was going to do when that happy day arrived.

Fleming replied: "I shall write the spy story to end all spy stories."

THE war gave Fleming a unique insight into the techniques of espionage.

He knew, for example, that Naval Intelligence had sent a false priest to hear confession from a U-boat captain so as to trick him into giving knowledge that was vital to save British seamen.

He knew that when the Russians sent two Bulgars to assassinate German Vice-Chancellor Franz von Papen in Ankara, they gave one a blue case and the other a red one.

The Russians told the assassins that the red case contained a bomb which was to be thrown at von Papen while the blue case contained a smoke bomb which would conceal their getaway when a button was pressed. The bomb was to be thrown, then the smoke released.

The Bulgars decided to better their chances by releasing the smoke first. This decision saved von Papen's life, for both cases contained bombs, and the Bulgars were

demolished while von Papen was only knocked down by the impact of the explosion.

The Russians had decided to eliminate the assassins once their mission was accomplished, and thought up a rather neat way to do it.

Fleming later made use of this situation in "Casino Royale," along with his own ill-fated gambling experience in Lisbon.

In fact, all of this wartime background was utilised, in one way or another, in his later work. He said, "I couldn't possibly have had a more exciting or interesting war. Of course, it's my experience in Naval Intelligence, and what I learned about secret operations of one sort or another, that finally led me to write about them — in a highly bowdlerised way — with James Bond as the central figure."

After the war Fleming maintained his interest in all kinds of espionage. When he was writing the Bond books he met Allen Dulles, the U.S. Intelligence chief, and the two often discussed operations. While he thought of the Bond novels as diversions from the cares of the day, he thought that real espionage was a deadly serious business. He told Dulles:

"It's all-out war! People who raise questions about ethics, moral standards, that sort of thing, just don't understand what it's about."

"I mean the head of the CIA and his opposite number in Russia, in this case Semichastney, head of Soviet State Security — they are absolutely like two commanders-in-chief in the field! I mean, all right — you see the traffic in the streets and everything's quiet and orderly here. But these two men have been locked in deadly combat — for years!"

When the war was won, Ian Fleming returned to his first love, journalism.

Lord Kemsley made him foreign manager for his chain of papers, the principal one being "The Sunday Times." He stayed in this position until 1959, by which time the Kemsley chain had been absorbed by the Thomson newspapers.

A colleague recalled him at policy conferences, "brimming with ideas, consistent only in his opposition to sham and stuffed-shirt attitudes, generous in his praise and devastating in his blame, laughing uproariously when something appealed to his highly developed sense of the ridiculous. He was . . . an Etonian radical of journalism, striving all the time to see that the whole truth was told."

Fleming enjoyed his newspaper work, but somewhere at the back of his mind the fascination of the life he had seen during the war continued to grow, and in 1952 a crisis in his personal life brought all this material spinning to the surface.

From a biography to be published by Peter Dornay Ltd., London. Copyright 1965 by Popular Library Inc.

TO BE CONCLUDED

BERLEI MOVES WITH THE IN-GROUP



Estex cuts a clean line in black and white.
So does Berlei.

Pat. No. 234717

(more)

New Double Sarong girdle (785) gives you a waist where you want it. \$12.50 (125/-). Worn here with plunging Temptress bra (245) at \$5 (50/-)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 24, 1966

Page 45



The sheerest and darkest of the night-time browns. Subtle shaping by Goben. And Berlei.



Big checks on the suit. Sportcraft. Big holes in the gloves. Collins.



A fluff of a hat from Mitzi Lorenz. Delicate tailoring from Estex. And Berlei.



Estex cuts it trim, tailored, terrific. Like Berlei.



Swing in this 990 Berlei Gothic Bra at \$4.25 (42/6). New Sarong* by Berlei waistline girdle 781 is \$8.50 (85/-).



If you're sold on Sarong† with a zipper (and lots of in-people are) we make those, too. This is 7730 at \$14.75 (147/6). Long-line 202 Berlei Stretch bra is \$7.00 (70/-).



The new Double Sarong* (criss-cross panels behind as well as in front) in a Hi-Waister. Ask for 785 at \$12.50 (125/-). The 245 Berlei Temptress bra is \$5.00 (50/-).



A million-dollar figure for \$9.50 (95/-). This is style 783 from the new Double Sarong* range. Gives you all the freedom you've ever dreamed of, and trims your waist. The bra is Berlei's famous 200 in Nylon Lace and Lycra. \$4.00 (40/-).



The classic shirtwaist. Paisley printed. Tailored by Sportcraft.

* Pat. No. 234717

† Pat. No. 212224

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 24, 1966

NEW SARONG FOR THE IN-GROUP:

You get the natural look behind (in this new Berlei Sarong girdle) that once you could only get with a pantie. How? Berlei takes the Sarong Criss-Cross panels and uses them behind as well as in front. Great. From the back, you now have a natural rounded look instead of that hard, flat "girdled" shape. And it can't ride up. The boneless bonus: More freedom, more action, more movement.



Pat. No. 214717

(more)

There are three versions of the new Sarong girdle by Berlei. This is the 2" waist band (783). \$9.50 (95/-). The bra: Berlei 200 at \$4 (40/-).

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 24, 1966

Page 4



Low purple neckline on a slice of lime duck. Designed by Simona. Berlei 200, a low-cut stretch bra to wear beneath.



When the jumpsuit fits, wear it over Berlei.



Thin pencil lines of red and black drawn by Sportcraft. The thin line pantie girdle is Sarong 723.



Notice the curve under those precision straight slacks? The pantie a new Sarong. The curve's yours.



Short skirts are no problem in this new Sarong "Low Calorie" brief. It hides away that little extra, and gives you a firm, flat tummy. See? Ask for 721. \$7.50 (75/-). A good bra to go with it: Berlei 200 Stretch at \$4.00 (40/-).



Floating pleats of topaze chiffon ringed in by satin. Goben for a golden evening.



This is the mid-length (4") leg pantie in the new Sarong "Low Calorie" group. Does great things for hips, thighs at \$9.50 (95/-). The number to ask for is Sarong Pantie 723. Even in large sizes, a beautiful shape from the 200 Stretch bra. \$4.00 (40/-).

* Pat. No. 142323

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 24, 1966

WHAT'S THE SONG AND DANCE?

The song and dance is now you can Slim Without Really Dieting. Berlei have taken the famous criss-cross front of the Sarong girdle and hidden it inside this new Sarong pantie. Result: The world's first "Low Calorie" pantie, and it comes with a 6", 4" and 1" leg. Lifts and flattens and hides away your tummy like you've been on a diet. And it gives you the freedom of a pantie. Maybe this is no more than you'd expect from Berlei. We move with the In-Group.

Pat. No. 142323



See! Sarong's "Low Calorie" pantie. Flattens the tummy, and gives all the freedom Sarong is famous for. This is the 6" leg version Style 725. Sells for \$10.50 (105/-). The bra is Berlei's 200 Stretch. Sells for \$4.00 (40/-).

The sheer verve of Simona's black and white. Freedom to match in Sarong 725 "Low Calorie" pantie by Berlei

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DALGETY & N.Z. LOAN LTD., ELMHURST No. 1	N.S.W.	VIC.	QLD.	TAS. A.C.T.
DAVID JONES' ST. JAMES SPECIAL and SPECIAL BLEND CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.		QLD. S.A. W.A.	A.C.T.
D. & J. FOWLER'S LION BRAND			S.A. W.A.	
GIBSON'S CHOICE CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.			A.C.T.
GRIFFITHS' TEA CHEST	N.S.W.	VIC.	S.A.	TAS. A.C.T.
HARRIS' HEATHER, No. 10 IMPERIAL, No. 12 TEA TIPS, No. 91 DRUMMER BOY and No. 9 HONDI	N.S.W.			A.C.T.
HOY'S PURE CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.			A.C.T.
INGLIS KANDY CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.	VIC.	QLD. S.A. W.A. TAS.	A.C.T.
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LLOYD'S SUPER CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.			A.C.T.
MENDIS' PREMIUM QUALITY CEYLON TEA			QLD.	
MORAN & CATO'S PERFECTION IN TEA	N.S.W.	VIC.		TAS. A.C.T.
REPIN'S SPECIAL CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.			A.C.T.
ROBERT TIMMS' REGAL SPECIAL and MURAYLIA	N.S.W.	VIC.	QLD. S.A. W.A. TAS.	A.C.T.
ROBUR'S FINE TEA		VIC.	QLD. S.A. W.A. TAS.	
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Here's

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Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters
will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are
given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems
cannot be given.

SWEET 19—AND NEVER BEEN KISSED

"WE have just migrated to this country and our parents
are extremely strict—they don't allow us even to look
at boys, let alone go out with them. Make-up is barred,
especially during the day (we are allowed lipstick at night
— big deal!). Neither of us has been asked out by boys.
We are rather plump—do you think this could have any-
thing to do with it? We are both 19 and never been kissed.
Could you please help us, as we are terribly depressed?"

"Depressed," Vic.

Have you ever thought that perhaps your parents want
you to find your feet here before you start going out with
boys? After all, you're in a strange land and, though life
here isn't so very different from anywhere else in the world,
your parents have to tread warily for your sakes. Don't
resent their strictness—just be patient and try to under-
stand them. Given time, I'm sure they'll slacken their grip.
Re plumpness: This can easily be overcome by going on a
sensible diet. The plumpness may have something to do with
the lack of male attention, but I doubt it. Boys are probably
put off by your being so depressed.

Time's running out

"I AM 15 and like a boy aged 16 who goes to my church.
He lives at a boys' home, as he has no mother or father.
He is very shy with girls and hasn't got a girlfriend. I see
him only once a week but think about him all day long.
I've been told the boys can leave the home at the end of
the year when they turn 16, and I feel as if my time is
running out. How can I get to talk to him? I can't help
feeling he likes me a bit, because every time I look at him
he's looking at me."

"Desperate," Qld.

Don't be so downhearted—you still have several months
before you, and if you genuinely want something you can
usually get it! Next time this boy looks at you in church
give him a big smile. If he doesn't follow this up you must
make the next move, too, by starting a conversation with him
outside church. But remember, he has never had the security
and love of a family, so it's only natural that he's super-shy.

She loves two boys

"PUTTING my problem bluntly, I'm in love with two boys
of my own age. You'll probably tell me that this is
impossible and that I must make a decision, but as one boy
lives next door and the other 100 miles away it IS possible!
I see one of them only five or six times a year, and when
I am with him I feel as if we're in our own special world.
I see the other boy every day and we really enjoy ourselves;
he's very shy and after three years his hand met mine
accidentally, and when he glanced up and our eyes met—
well, the feelings can't be explained! Both boys know of
each other but say I must choose by myself. I don't know
which one to turn to. We are all nearly 17."

"Mixed-up," N.S.W.

I agree with your boyfriends—this is a decision that
only you can make. Some people would solve your problem
by mathematics. They'd list the good and bad qualities of
each boy, add them up, and get the answer. Personally, I
believe this is a matter for the heart. I can only suggest that
you don't see the boy next door so often—and give this
problem all your thoughts. Who knows, someone ELSE
may happen along and replace this problem with another.

Trouble finding friends

"I AM 14 and have trouble finding friends. They usually
prefer another girl's company and I'm their second
choice. This other girl is very pretty and the boys like her
a lot. I am told I'm not bad looking, but I can't seem to
make a friend, or if I do make one the other girl takes
her away. It is the same with boys. This girl lives nearby,
so it's hard to avoid her. I am too shy to go to places on
my own where I could meet people. Please help me to find
the best way to get a good friend, as I'm so lonely."

"So Lonely," S.A.

If you have trouble making friends and are too shy to
go to places on your own, you will just have to put up with
being this girl's shadow. And don't start resenting her because
she's the one everyone notices and likes. She must be jolly
nice and like you a lot to take you with her. That is, of
course, if you're as mugwumpish as you make yourself out
to be. I doubt if you are. So buck up and try to add to
everyone's enjoyment on your outings instead of thinking
of yourself as "Poor Little Me."



SWINGING EAR-GEAR — PING-PONGS

A PART from copper wire, you'll need two ping-pong balls (about 3 cents each), a small tin of enamel paint (22 cents), ear-clips, the ones with a link to attach earring (20 to 30 cents), a good 1/2 in. paint brush (30 cents), odd pieces of chain, and beads from old jewellery.

1. With a compass, pierce a hole in each end of the ping-pong ball — using the centre join as the exact centre point. (Lop-sided ping-pongs are definitely OUT, Margret said!)

2. Next, thread through a 6in. length of wire, hooking each end with your hand, so you can later hang up the ball to dry.

3. Paint the ball all over (you may need a couple of coats) and let it dry for 24 hours.

4. Remove the wire (which is probably paint-spotted) and rethread another 4in. piece. Add a bead to each side of the ball and bend the wire to form a closed link.

5. Take an inch of chain, open the bottom link with tweezers, and slip the chain into the copper link. Close it again.

6. Open the top link of chain in the same way and slip on the link on the earring-clip. Close firmly with tweezers.

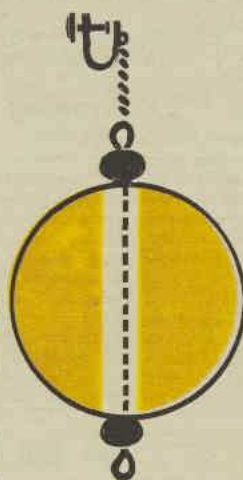
And that's all the directions needed for a pair of basic earrings.

It's up to your imagination to add different designs (daisies, spots, and op-art), more beads, or perhaps another ping-pong ball.

FOOTNOTE: Margret says one of the best things about ping-pong earrings is that you don't have to worry if one falls off when you're dancing.

"They just bounce back to you again," she said, giggling. "Isn't that brilliant?"

— KERRY YATES



• The latest fashion fad, according to two Sydney teenagers, is earrings made from ping-pong balls. "All the mods are mad for them," said Sandra Marinkovic, 18. "Crazy? That's why they like them!"

SANDRA and a friend, Margret Anthony, 17, started making the earrings as a hobby a few months ago and have now worked up quite a little business selling them to Sydney boutiques. The girls have never had any art training, but they design and make all their own clothes and jewellery. Sandra currently goes for really different trouser and slacks suits. Margret has lots of felt mini dresses, each with a different flower, bull's-eye, or target design on the front. The jewellery they wear ranges from copper enamel rings and earrings with op-art, bull's-eye, and daisy designs to their latest discovery — the ping-pong set. "I don't know why we started using ping-pongs," Margret said. "I guess it was because earrings were getting bigger and bigger and we thought they'd be a real giggle." Another reason was the price. Although their earrings retail around \$1.50, the girls make them for much less. "The initial outlay is about a dollar, because you can only buy the copper wire in a 50 cent bundle," Sandra said. "But once you've bought that you can make a million pairs!" "If you don't go bonkers in the meantime," Margret chipped in. "Take a ping-pong ball, pierce a hole in each end, and . . ." Below, Margret (left) and Sandra wear their mod ear-gear. Above, other styles are worn by models.



Teenagers
WEEKLY

In the crazy hubbub of the discothèque, a few blemishes can get by untouched.



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Letters

A slap at disc-jockeys

★ Recently I have been paying more attention to the behaviour of disc-jockeys while they are on the air. I am not at all impressed.

Many behave in an infantile way, others adopt pseudo-American accents, and speak as if they were a superior race to non-DJs. They gabble their words, and many are mispronounced. Some seem to goad teenagers on to claw at, scream at, and injure pop singers — and to damage public property and hurt themselves.

— Louise Clayton, Bayswater, W.A.

Study rules

UNTIL recently my friends and I only studied when we were in the "right" mood. To overcome this weakness, we made a list of rules, which we are offering for others who may have the same problem:

- Arrange exercise and text books in order, with those for each subject covered in a different colored paper.
- Have a well-lit, comfortable nook, and a set time for homework.
- Make sure all accessories — pens, pencils, rulers, etc. — are within easy reach.
- Pay special attention at school, and revise the day's work each evening. This may only take ten minutes per subject.
- Having revised a subject, take down brief notes on the topic. This makes it easier to swot for exams.
- Don't leave your least-favored subjects until last. Mix them in with your favorite ones.
- Learn the basics of each subject. It is useless to try to do more advanced work when the fundamentals are not clear.
- Adopt the attitude of a conqueror, and don't give up too easily. — L.G., Canowindra, N.S.W.

Equal "brains"

IT has been scientifically proved that the Australian aboriginal has the same-sized brain as a European, so he must have the same capacity for intelligence. If all Australians could be made to understand this, perhaps the aborigines would be totally accepted as capable and law-abiding citizens. I am a fourth-generation Australian. — Jillian Stephen, Hobart.

LOOK DEEPER: In my opinion, one of the greatest modern teenage mistakes is that of making generalisations. For instance, everywhere I go I hear young people saying that ALL adults are stuffy and old-fashioned. Which is not always true. I once made the mistake of generalising. I met a boy from a certain country. The only other person I had known from that country was a complete enemy of mine, so I immediately decided that this boy was the same. However, after a few weeks of his beautiful manners and his attitude toward life, I realised that I was wrong, and he is now my steady boyfriend. So do not generalise on any topic at all. — "Individualist," Sunnybank, Qld.

Growing up

HAVING a hobby is an essential part of growing up. Since I have been collecting world stamps and coins, my geography and history have vastly improved. You also become a better conversationalist, and don't miss out on things. If you need money you can always sell a stamp, but if you spent the money on things like ice-cream it would be gone for ever. — N. McFarlane, Griffith, N.S.W.

NO CULTS

● Surely teenagers see the uselessness of cults! They group themselves together, with new "commandments" and a member who disobeys is in trouble. Why not just be individuals? We complain that those not members of our cults can't understand us. Yet, can you blame them? We're not one age group enjoying our youth — we're cults and groups, apart from each other, and, in many cases, opposed to each other. — Stephanie Williams, Albury, N.S.W.

Co-education

CO-EDUCATION is terrific. Being in a mixed class has done me a world of good. I have lost my inferiority complex, I now take more pride in my appearance, and I don't feel as shy as I used to. I think it helps the boys along in their social life, too. Maybe there are some disadvantages — like concentrating on the boys instead of on school work. But even if there were no boys in the class, I reckon I'd still prefer boys to education. — Lidia Zmenko, Rosewater, S.A.

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay \$2 for each letter used.



Good or bad?

ACCORDING to many adults, nothing is as good as it was in the "Good Old Days." It amuses me that these are the very people who are the first to moan about how hard everything was in their youth. Why can't the older generation stop being hypocritical? — "Modern Teen," Christchurch, N.Z.

Big lesson

ONE of our teachers had a serious operation, and came back to school looking pale and weak. She did her best to teach cheerfully and uncomplainingly — and succeeded better than anyone in the class could have done. Before she was sick, we used to get away with murder during her lessons. I'd like to advise students who take advantage of timid or sick teachers to co-operate with them. — "Student," Turner, A.C.T.

School at "Alice"

READERS may be interested to know what it is like to go to school at Alice Springs. The school is old and drab (so how can anyone study?). The building is two-storey and has approximately 350 pupils. Our uniform is a grey check skirt, which we are being made to lengthen, and a white blouse (how dull!). Though some boys have been made to cut their hair, the teachers have a fair bit, and some have beards. One of the rules is that girls stay on

one side of the school, and boys on the other (how stupid!). After this rule had been made, some students went up to the school after dark and painted a bold green line right down the centre. It had to be removed (by some of the students), from the notice board, a brick wall, a concrete path, a lawn, and some ground. — "Unlucky Student," Alice Springs, N.T.

★

I STRONGLY advocate the introduction of dancing as a school subject. All dancing should be taught, from Latin-American to mod. The lessons would help stimulate interest in school work, as it is well-known that physical exercise increases concentration by 50 percent. They would help to overcome the shyness which afflicts most boys and girls at socials, and would eliminate many wallflowers. Many teenagers, after leaving school, have neither the time nor the money to learn privately. — Sue Kent, Lugarno, N.S.W.

★

Rally, teens!

TEENAGERS who have finished their schooling, and find they have spare time, should devote some of it to a charitable organisation. By working for one or more organisations, you are not only doing something useful and constructive with your spare time, but also experience the satisfaction of knowing you are helping to make some person's life a little happier. You are also helping to disprove the popular belief that teenagers are selfish. — Shirley Alter, North Fitzroy, Vic.

BRONCHIAL COUGHS?

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★ Lay preacher and student-minister
Jim Towers at the pulpit in Wesley
Chapel, Sydney.

Jim is a mod preacher

By
ANNE OLSEN

● "I like working in the city. That's where it's all happening! It's turned on," said 20-year-old Jim Towers, of Taree, N.S.W.

THESE were the words of a rather extraordinary young mod. For Jim, who dresses in typical mod gear, has long hair, and uses mod jargon, is a student minister.

"Of course, people are surprised when I meet them for the first time," he said. "I just don't fit into their picture of what a clergyman should look like."

"But my appearance doesn't create any barriers or conflict with my work," he went on. "In fact, I work better with young people because of it. After all, I am one of them!"

"Conservative"

Actually, Jim feels his mod gear (corduroy jacket, pin-stripe shirt, and tapered trousers) and his long, brown curly hair are quite conservative.

"They have to be, as I

speak quite often to the adult world."

Jim is in his second year of probation as a theology student at the Methodist Leigh College, Enfield.

A third-year full-time student at the University of N.S.W., he is studying for his Arts degree, specialising in psychology and sociology.

He is quite an enthusiastic sportsman, too, playing table tennis and Rugby League.

Every Friday night Jim comperes the Central Methodist Mission's Young Sydney Club.

"The program is arranged by teenagers, for teenagers. We play the latest discs and have a small dance band. Later in the evening we have a 'Christian viewpoint' talk."

"We deliberately choose controversial subjects—for example, we recently discussed the Pill and birth control in general."

Jim has a 20-year-old girlfriend who, like him, wears mod gear, likes modern music, and works for the Central Methodist Mission.

The young student minister really "digs" modern music. "The Rolling Stones are the most!"

Also among his favorites are "Them" and the Animals—in fact, if he had his way, such songs as "He," sung by the Righteous Brothers, and Normie Rowe's "Stones That I Throw" would be included in church services, because he thinks they have a strong religious meaning.

As part of his training in preaching, Jim and the other students at Leigh are encouraged to visit different churches to deliver the Sunday sermons. He also is in demand for talking at Sunday school anniversaries and special youth services.

"I suspect my appearance has something to do with these requests," he smiled.

No collar

Despite the fact that he is allowed to wear the minister's collar—some churches request that he does when he gives the sermon—Jim refuses to do so.

"I don't feel a minister should wear a label."

Jim began his career at 16 as a voluntary worker among fellow-teenagers at the Central Methodist Mission.

In April, 1963, he was one of the youngest Methodists to pass the lay preacher examinations. A year later he qualified for Leigh College.

Since he matriculated from Taree High School four years ago, Jim has supported himself by working as a bus conductor during vacations.

Next year, after graduating as a B.A., Jim will take his Bachelor of Divinity degree.

"If all goes well I should be a fully ordained minister by the time I am 24."

After he is ordained Jim hopes to be assigned to an area "where the greatest number of young people need guidance."

IS MRS. JONES A GOOD SORT? ROUND ROBIN

● The much-publicised battle between dairy and margarine interests has taken an interesting new turn.

YOU know the original bit—about whether or not Mrs. Jones is a good Australian because she wants to eat margarine...

Well, the whole thing snowballed recently.

Cosmeticians announced that, in the coming spring, lasses would make up eyes in the Moo-Cow Look.

This Look, it seems, puts a false lash on the eyes' lower lids with exaggerated use of eye-liner.

I happen to know that the announcement really stirred up the margarine people.

(To them, of course, no moos are good news.)

"We regard this as part of the opposition's campaign," said a spokesman.

"They are trying to butter-up girls for support."

"But we are taking the bull—we've nothing against bulls—by the horns and retaliating."

"We are promoting the edible oils look."

"With our look, women can recapture the glory that was grease."

The dairy people are much happier about the Moo-Cow Look.

"Males," said an official, "have been taking previous fashions for better or for worse. They will take this for butter or for worse."

Whoever wins this fashion tussle, the fat's in the fire.

Of course, even if the margarine people succeed, the dairy industry will be helped.

Failure of the Moo-Cow Look would just

be hard cheese!

—Robin Adair



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**After you've roasted,
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over the oven walls
if it's our oven
your hankie will still be clean**



**new Westinghouse —
it's the considerate cooker.**

Granted, it's hard to believe an oven can remain so spotless after rotisserie-roasting a family-sized meal of any meat... lamb, veal, beef, pork or poultry.

But your clean hankie is proof.

It means "goodbye" to the chore of cleaning out a "gooey" oven so long as you rotisserie-roast.

The new, wider Westinghouse oven not only rotisserie-roasts bigger (10 lbs. or more) joints and birds, it is the only rotisserie oven that browns vegetables beautifully.

See opposite page for many other reasons why you'll agree that the new Westinghouse electric range is the considerate cooker.

**An electric range
so considerate
of your cooking
problems that you'll
think it was made
personally for you**

**Problem 1. Big cake tins and
ovens never seemed to fit. Dash!**



**So Westinghouse gives you the
widest oven in a normal sized range**

— it's the considerate cooker, lets you bake two large 9" sponge tins side by side. Also for cake baking — absolutely even temperatures in every part of the oven. No "hot" or "cold" spots.

**Problem 2. Lift-off oven doors
were a struggle to put back. Grrh!**



**So Westinghouse gives you
a lift-off door that slips into place**

— the considerate cooker door slips back into place, as easily as putting a coin into a vending machine. This is because of superior design, the mechanism being in the door itself.

**Problem 3. Cleaning up was a
worse chore than cooking. Urk!**



**So Westinghouse gives you
fittings that wipe clean in a wink**

— the considerate cooker has a dished hob to prevent spilled food running down the sides, etc., of the range; all round corners (inside and outside) for easiest cleaning; spill trays that you clean with the 'washing up'; self cleaning hotplates. Plus, of course, the miracle 'spatter-free' rotisserie oven.

**Problem 4. Watched pots never
seemed to boil. Infuriating!**



**So Westinghouse gives you
powerful, 40% faster hotplates**

— a considerate cooker exclusive that costs you no more to run — extra power in hotplates and split boiler-grill that can bring a quart of water from cold to bubbling boiling in a mere 5½ minutes.

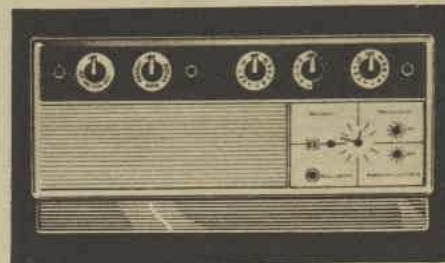
**Problem 5. Getting grills exactly
the way you like to eat them.**



**So Westinghouse gives you
six (not five) grill elevator positions.**

— the considerate cooker's control lever has three positions to start with — "Rare", "Medium", "Well Done". The anti-flash grill tray reverses easily to give you an extra three "in between" positions so it's possible, for example, to get "Medium/Rare". Underneath the griller, a generous easily accessible plate-warming area.

**Problem 6. Appearances used to
be secondary. Pity!**



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Rotisserie models not shown

Elevated model PCG 424 fully automatic

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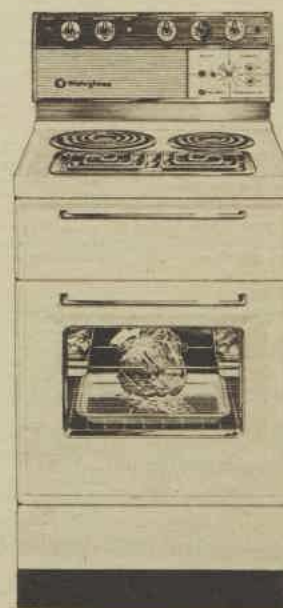
Others, not shown

Elevated model PCG 423 with all considerate features

Upright model PAG 223 fully automatic and all considerate features

Upright model PAG 222 with all considerate features

Upright model PAG 220, standard range.



Westinghouse
the Considerate Cooker



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AZALEAS

Indica-Ghent-Mollis-Kurume

By ALLAN SEALE

● Autumn, winter, spring — azaleas can be the glory of the garden for many months of the year.

MANY azalea varieties flower almost continuously from early April until October. Other old favorites, such as the tall, single Indicas, flower for one glorious massed display in spring.

The evergreen varieties are at home in our temperate and sub-tropical coastal districts when grown with some protection from full sunlight — ideally, where sunlight is filtered by tall gums or light-foliaged deciduous trees.

Their planting with deciduous trees may be planned so that the display of azalea color can be fully appreciated while the trees are leafless.

In cold mountain districts, evergreen azaleas need almost full sunlight. Many of the Indica types do not stand exceptionally cold winters, and in this respect the Kurume types are the most adaptable of the evergreen varieties. On the other hand, the deciduous Ghent or Mollis types thrive in cool mountain climates, and are not suited to warm coastal districts.

Azaleas are ideal for bushland gardens. Combined with their preference for broken sunlight, they have an exceptionally shallow root system

which allows them to be planted close to deeper-rooted trees. They are one of the few plants which flower freely in such a setting.

This shallow root system makes them easier to transplant than most other plants. Even large azaleas can be moved with comparative safety. If you do decide to move an azalea, the best time is just before or during flowering, when their growth is relatively dormant.

Spade around the plant about as far out as the outer branches to a depth of about 6in. Then, levering obliquely under the plant, lift the root mat intact.

Lime is usually detrimental to azaleas, but excessive acidity can be harmful. If the soil is known to be naturally acid (untreated hydrangeas producing blue flowers could indicate this), don't use acidifying agents.

The exception would be on soil that has been limed recently or is close to new mortar or cement work, such as around the foundations of a new house. It may be wiser to keep azaleas away from new cement for the first year or two. Start them in a safer section of the garden and transplant later. Even soil acidified by treatment could be neutralised again by lime from raw mortar.

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There are areas where the soil is too alkaline naturally to grow azaleas without special treatment. These include many of the lower-rainfall inland areas, some sections of the coast close to salt water, and limestone country such as the Adelaide plain. (Soil in which hydrangeas are usually pink.)

Mildly alkaline soils can often be brought to a sufficiently acid state for azaleas by adding about 2oz. of aluminium sulphate (alum), or iron sulphate, or powdered sulphur to the square

yard. The need for future treatment of this kind should really be determined by a soil test (pH indicators are available), but the yellowing of new growth would be some indication that correction was needed. Occasional dressings of peat-moss help to keep the soil acid.

However, in some of the problem areas there is another hazard, and that is the nature of the local water supply. Azaleas will not survive if watered for any length of time with hard water.

The river water of some of our inland towns is too hard, and here the only way to grow them is in containers with made-up soil, using only tank water. In such areas I have heard of women storing rainwater to wash their hair, but never to water azaleas!

Azaleas are attractive in large pots or tubs. Choose wide, rather than deep, containers, so the roots can expand naturally. Position them away from direct sunlight, or the soil may become too warm for healthy root growth.

Soil. Soil mixture for azaleas in containers could be one-third coarse or bush sand, one-third rotted leafmould or peat-moss, one-third lime-free loam.

Heavy soil. Azaleas are difficult to establish in heavy soils, as they cannot survive with clay washing in and caking around their roots. When planting them in such soil, leave the root area a couple of inches above normal soil level, then mound up around the plant with a bucket or two of soil similar to the container mixture.

Their surface roots are then in soil to their liking. Once they establish a substantial root system the clay ceases to worry them, provided drainage is satisfactory.



MOLLIS azalea growing at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Valder, of Mt. Wilson, N.S.W.

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Cut out and paste in an exercise book



FIREDDANCE, one of the semi-dwarf azaleas which flower from late autumn to spring; at Burbank Nurseries, Wyong, N.S.W.

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Mulch. In any type of soil azaleas perform better where they have a liberally mulched surface. Mulch also minimises weeds and the need for cultivation, which disturbs their shallow roots.

Although they need good drainage, azaleas don't like the soil to completely dry out, and mulching helps in this respect also. Rotted leafmould is ideal mulch, and peat-moss is valuable.

Height and growth. When planting azalea plantings, remember that growth of the different types varies. For example, the tall singles may grow to about 5ft. in as many years, but medium-growing hybrids may not exceed 2½ft. in this time, or dwarfs more than 18in.

The following evergreen azaleas are grouped according to height:

TALL SINGLES

Magnifica, magenta; Roi de Hollande, red; Alba Magna, white; Lady Poltimore, white; Splendens, deep salmon-pink; Exquisite, soft pink with dark throat; Alphonse Anderson, slightly deeper than Exquisite. (The last two are exceptionally quick growers.) Under normal seasonal conditions they flower only in spring, making a spectacular show for a few weeks and a wonderful background for lower-growing types.

SEMI-DWARF TYPES

(Average height about 2½ft., mostly flowering from late autumn to spring.)

James Belton firm-textured, pale mauve single, long-flowering; Firedance, very free-flowering double, rosy red; Albert Elizabeth, showy double, white flushed pink with vermilion-red border, glossy strong foliage; Eri Shame, semi-double, pink-edge white; Paul Shame, a salmon-red sport of the Eri Shame; Blushing Bride, double bluish pink; Gretel, pearly white, margined bright carmine; Madame A d'Haene, semi-double, pink-edged white; Gloria, fringed semi-double, varying pink to terracotta,

often margined with terracotta; Madame van Ackers, double carmine, red; Pax and Vervaeana Alba, both pure white doubles; Ballerina, white-flushed mauve-pink with cyclamen stripes; Ruth Kirk, soft coral-pink single, flush-flowering; Saidee Kirk, double, soft shell-pink; Temperance, upright, early semi-double, mauve; Sweetheart Supreme, soft rose, fading to bluish pink, semi-double, perfumed, and a strong grower; Sweet Nellie, free-flowering semi-double, vivid red.

KURUMES

These are distinct from the Indica types. Their dainty flowers and foliage are small and closely placed. The fact that they are also known as Tom Thumb azaleas sometimes gives the impression that they are very dwarf, but average height is about 4ft. They may be kept smaller by trimming.

Most are spring-flowering, except Kirin, which carries a mass of tiny pink flowers from autumn to midwinter, sometimes making another brief display in spring. Larger-flowered Elizabeth Belton also carries winter flowers.

DWARF TYPES

(Average height is 18in. to 2ft. Like the semi-dwarfs, they produce frequent crops of bloom, late autumn to spring.)

Hexe, bright carmine, mostly spring-flowering; Bouquet of Roses, free-flowering pink; Charm de Noel, bluish pink; Mme August van Damme, rose-pink with lighter edge; Vervaeana, soft pink; Balsaminaeflora, narrow-leaved, low-growing, salmon-red double; Pink Ruffles, soft salmon overlaid with darker stripe, ruffled and double.

DECIDUOUS (MOLLIS)

(Suitable mainly for cool highland areas and Tasmania, they flower August to October, usually before the leaves develop.)

Adrian Koster, deep yellow; Kesters Brilliant, deep salmon; Clara Butt, deep pink; Mrs. L. J. Endtz, clear yellow; Marion, pale yellow; Speck's Orange, orange-red.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 21

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● What do you want for your 60th birthday? If it's still ten or 20 years away, you'd better start doing some serious thinking. Sixty's quite a landmark, so you may as well make sure you get something you really want.

JUST lately there's been quite a spate of newspaper stories about what may be offering in the not too far distant future. Take your pick.

Would you like a facelift that would make you look not a day over 30? Would you like a new baby — not adopted, but born to you in the good old way you thought you'd done with long ago? Would you like a new husband or two?

If you think the last idea is the most fantastic of all, let me tell you that it's being seriously advocated by experts in geriatrics (the medical treatment of old age) as a solution to some of the problems of the aged.

Polygamy, they say, should be legalised for people over 60, so a man of that age could have several wives, or a woman several husbands.

The people who advocate this are trying to deal with several very real problems — the burden of household duties, the nutritional problems of people cooking only for one, the frustrations and the loneliness of the widowed.

I'm not making any sort of mock of these problems, they're real ones, and they're painful. But, wow, I can foresee some problems for Western women in a polygamous household!

Suppose you've been married for 40 years, you've brought up a family, you've coped with ten million household crises of various sorts — your kitchen always your own.

Suddenly, you find yourself sharing a husband and a household with one or two other women of the same age who *ALSO* have had absolute control of a household for 40 years.

By 60 you're likely to be set in your ways

BY 60 one can expect to have become a little set in one's ways (or by 50, or even by 40, if it comes to that).

Suppose you like Indian tea and they like China, suppose you have always hated a hot midday dinner and they have always preferred it, suppose they always like the first fold in sheets end to end, while your method is sides to middle?

Small things, certainly, compared with loneliness, but wouldn't they be multiplied ten million times in a household containing two or three women who'd spent a large part of a lifetime working out their own best way of doing domestic things?

So I don't think the right to contract some polygamous marriages is quite what I want for my 60th birthday, despite my fondness for that old fellow of Lyne:

Who married three wives at a time;

When asked "Why the third?"

He replied, "One's absurd,

And bigamy, sir, is a crime."

How about a new baby, then? For some reason about which medical scientists are not altogether clear, the reproductive life of women has increased by more than six years in the past century.

With this natural increase in the number of child-bearing years, together with new substances which are being tested for their effects in slowing down the processes of aging, some scientists believe women's reproductive life can be extended well into the sixties.

I don't know whether I'm in an "agin it" sort of mood, but I feel that 60 is a bit old for sleeping with one ear permanently on the inhabitant of a bassinets, and that washing napkins and straining vegetables while one's married daughter boasted of her freedom now that her children were all at school would be a bit hard to take.

I think 65 is late in life to cope with measles and cradle cap and five-year-old birthday parties, and that 76-80 is much too late for giving the right attention to a teenage daughter's recurring heart troubles.

So how about a facelift that will make you look 30? It can be done, according to Dr. Ramon Palacio Posse, of Buenos Aires, one of the world's leading plastic surgeons.

There are certain conditions attached. One of the most important is that you've got to stay thin. If you're a fat and comfortable-looking 60, the 30-year-old face is going to look all wrong.

Three husbands — all needing facelifts?

IN Buenos Aires today the 30-year-off op. would cost about \$400 (it might be more by the time you're 60) as against \$1800 in the United States.

The stitches are tucked away out of sight, and the effect of the operation will last five years. So if you settle for that, you know what you want for your 65th, 70th, and 75th birthdays, too.

You'd have to save up, because if you're going to look 30 something will obviously have to be done about your husband's face.

Warning: You must choose one of these 60th birthday presents only. Just think what the cost would be if you settled for a facelift AND polygamy and you had two or three husbands all needing tucks behind the ears to make them look young enough for you.

I don't think I want any of these things for my 60th birthday. I'm inclined to agree with Ecclesiastes: "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven." I doubt if 60 summers is the right season for having a 30-year-old face, or new-born twins, or a couple of new husbands.

I'd cheerfully settle for my health, my sight, my hearing, a face that doesn't look too much over its own age, some interesting friends, something interesting to do, and the right to decide which day I'll do the washing and what time dinner will be.



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● If you have ever owned a potplant you'll sympathise with this Sydney reader who has 40 of the temperamental, demanding, delightful things dominating her tiny flat. Why, when one withers away, it's like losing one of the children.

By SADIE MARRIDLADIE

Alas, poor Philly: I'll miss her tiny tendrils

MR. MARRIDLADIE and I were married rather late in life and, to our regret, have no little ones. Nor, living in a flat, can we have any pets. So, we've gone Potty. No, NO, not case histories for "People in Conflict." We cultivate Indoor Potplants.

In the early, gay, potless days of our marriage we'd often sit watching telly with hysterical, uncomprehending laughter as the large lady on the screen boomed on about propagating your tubers, cutting back your bracts, and what to do with your compost.

Now, however, it is a very Serious Interest, and we never, NEVER Re-Pot in the Winter Months.

We modestly started off with a gift from Mum — two Zygocactus (or is it Zygocacti) — anyway, they put out charming trails of cerise-pink thingummygigs.

Now we have 40 indoor plants—in the sunroom, living-room, hallway—yes, even in there, too (African violets do well in a moist bathroom atmosphere).

Actually, the living-room has a giant philodendron climbing round three walls. We didn't aspire to the biggest aspidistra in the world, but we had the flourishing-est philodendron!

Some of our more nervous visitors would cast apprehensive glances as the grabby green fingers trailed above the sofa, rather like a malevolent species from TV's "Lost in Space."

However, last summer I went a little berserk with the insect spray, and poor Philly has rather withered away.

Either that or I forgot to do as the book says and "place a bowl of water in the room to maintain humidity" before lighting the kerosine heater.

Alas, poor Philly—I'll miss her tiny tendrils.

Of course, I do most of the active work with the plants. Mr. M. supervises, gives constructive advice, and optimistically puts up strings and trellises for Ivy, who, with feminine capriciousness, stubbornly refuses to climb.

If not at the part-time office job, I whisk quickly through the housework, and then leap enthusiastically into the gardening, throwing indoor plant soil around with gay abandon, resisting the urge to water the plants every time I pass by.

When Mr. M. comes home from his office I hear, with some impatience, of his Day, then he listens indulgently while his Sadie relates her busy routine — cleaning and polishing the leaves of the fiddle-leaf fig, how we'd nearly lost our flamingo flower when attacked by mealy-bug, and how I'd sat up all the afternoon with it, laboriously wiping off the nasty, creatures with cotton-wool.

Happily we felt that Flamingo Flower would pull through, despite all.

Well, it's no wonder that after a certain amount of earbashing, Mr. M. often suggests to his wife that she chew some spikes from the mother-in-law plant. (For ignorant

non-potters, this is also known as the "dumb plant." The spikes, when chewed, can render one speechless.)

On my days at the office, I prattle on about our bromeliad (pineapple plant) having grown another 2½ in. (These plants have a hollow tube down the centre, and you faithfully water it in the centre only. With luck and patience, an impressive flower grows from the centre after about five years. We're going to throw a party when that happy event takes place.)

... and about the red geranium on our bedroom window-sill that finally has flowered, and the pink one that is going to burst into bloom any day (these geraniums are really hardy, as they get knocked off the sill with monotonous regularity when my dear husband blunders out of bed round 6.30 a.m. and yanks up the blinds with reckless abandon).

... and about the hoyia that dear Mr. M. gave me for our last wedding anniversary, and don't ask me what a hoyia is, as this one has only grown two leaves in a year, and nary a sign of a flower. (I've been

throwing out hints for a monstera deliciosa for our next anniversary, and trust that that bears fruit—ha! ha!)

... and about the social we attended on Saturday, and the anxious fingernail chewing till I'd got THE lucky-door prize, a velvety-red pelargonium. The other ladies were selecting fripperies like cosmetic sets, toasters, and crystal dishes.

... and so on, till the Girls get the sort of glazed expression they'd have if they'd just seen Uncle Ernie's 497th color slide of "Abroad."

Round about the middle of the year, of course, is Bulb Time. Last year I dried out all the ixias, axias, ixpraxias, and whatever-you-callum bulbs and carefully put them away—so carefully that they can't be found.

(I have a strong suspicion that my beloved spouse chopped them up for garlic cloves or onions last time he made the Hungarian Goulash.)

Lazy man's bonsai

So, instead, I bought an already-planted pack of FOUR daffodils, which produced SEVEN shoots (just call me Greenfinger).

Some of our more modestly successful efforts have been with planting pips, fruit pips that is.

I read somewhere that you should collect about 40 orange pips, leave them in water for ten days, then plant them in a pot, and eventually you'd have a miniature orange bush (lazy man's bonsai) with sweet-smelling blossoms.

Well, needless to say, this inspired Sadie to set off hot-foot on safari — of course, in the Wrong Season! In other words, the Navel, not the Valencia, Season.

You have no idea of the frustrating miles covered, of the arguments with local fruit-ologists: "No, lidy—we not gotta da Valencia, but we gotta do lovely juicy Navel."

"But I don't WANT Navels — I just got to have oranges with pips!"

Continued overleaf



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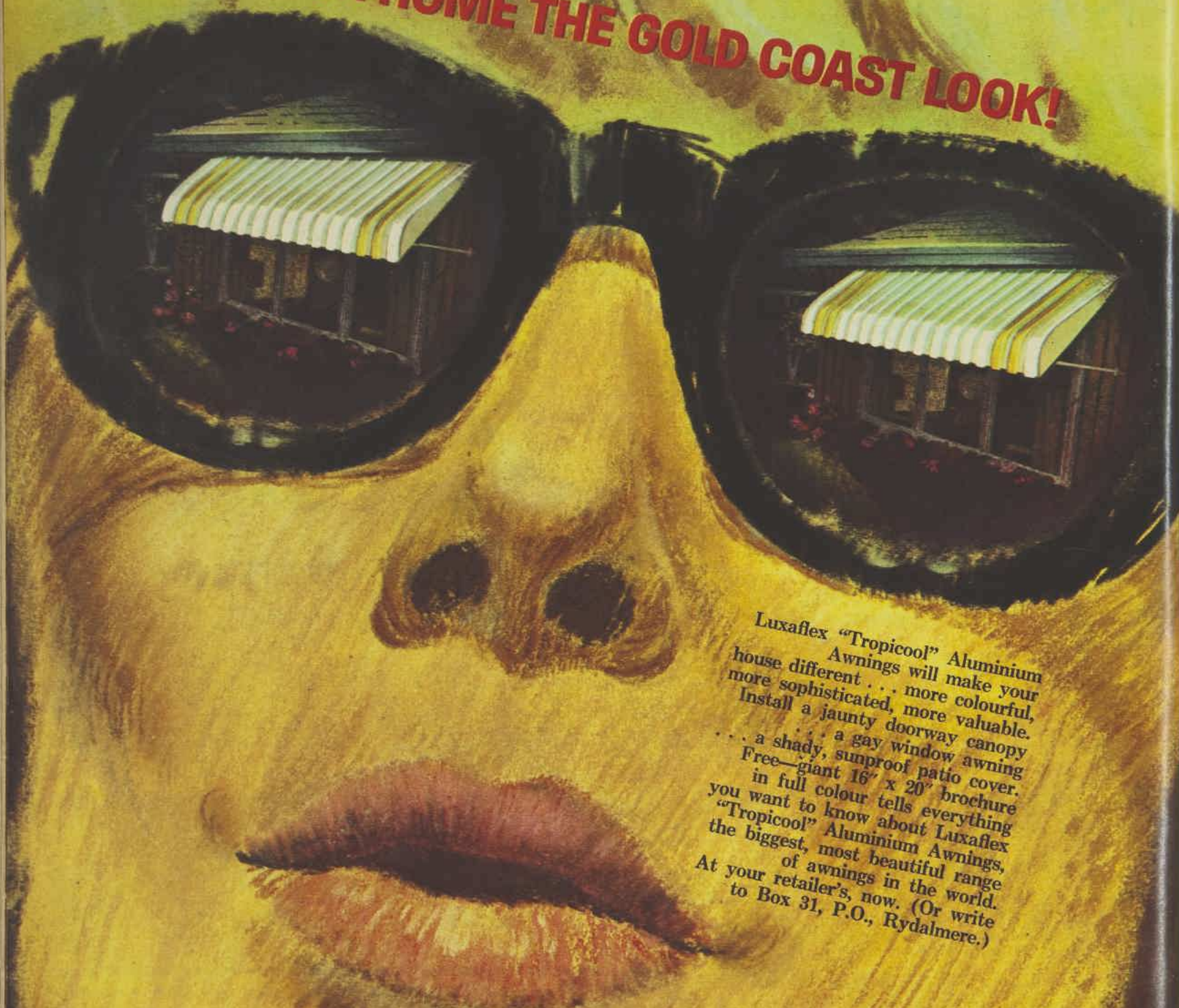
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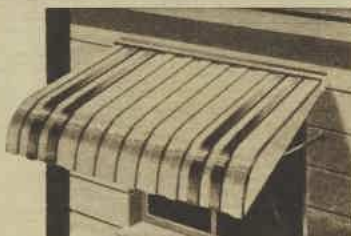


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FROM THE **Luxaflex** WORLD OF COLOUR

Alas, poor Philly — from previous page

"Sorry, lidy," they'd mutter, shaking their heads, and you could almost hear them adding, "Poor lidy — moocha troppo."

Well, eventually, with the understanding co-operation of relatives, and Mr. M. bringing little paper bags home from his office, I collected enough orange pips to start an orchard.

We now have several pots of flourishing orange and grapefruit plants. I doubt whether we'll ever see a blossom, let alone an orange or grapefruit, but they are green and flourishing.

This sort of thing can go to your head, and some people recklessly toss every seed they acquire into a pot — peach stones, pomegranates, passionfruit, and so on, but if by some miracle they do put out a shoot, you've forgotten what you originally planted in the pot, anyway.

We are becoming more professional as time goes on, and can now transplant, propagate from cuttings, re-pot (but Never in Winter), and have learned the gentle art of "separating" African violets.

Actually, Mother left her largest blue A.V. in our tender care when on holidays,

conducted tour of the pelargoniums and tea and cucumber (we hope) sandwiches, all for the small admission sum of a 1930 penny.

Another problem, as with pets, is what to do as to feeding and watering when you go on holidays.

The first time we carefully arranged jars of water with threads of knitting wool leading to the plants. However, that doesn't work too well unless you have the jars at just the right angle and the right number of wool strands.

Next holiday, we transported the pots over to Mother, some fifteen miles away, and left them in her care.

Now, however, there are too many to cart around the countryside. Last time, a neighbor's child came in and tended the plants, after a mile-long list of instructions from the Lady of the Cucumbers.

Nevertheless, there is the inevitable maternal concern about our Wee Ones while away, and on returning they always look, to me, at any rate, rather peaked and piney.

However, you mustn't let this type of hobby become an Obsession. I've noticed that friends pointedly reply that their "little

"Look! I've got flowers on my cucumber!"
I cried. But Mr. M. then explained about the birds, and the bees, and pollen.

and requested that we separate and re-pot the plant, keeping one for ourselves.

We looked up the book of instructions, carefully separated, and replanted the three crowns, giving her back two pots.

Ours, needless to say, is a glorious mass of flower, while poor old Mum's pots have nary a bloom.

But you can't win all the time. We've had no luck whatsoever with mint, but after several abortive attempts have managed to grow sufficient parsley so that Mr. M. and I can have a tiny sprinkle on our scrambled eggs.

And then there was the matter of the cucumbers. Being rather addicted to apple cucumbers, I said, "Nothing venture, nothing win," and courageously hurled a packet of cucumber seeds into a giant-sized pot in the sunroom.

Growing cucumbers is really something, I can assure you. They come up in about three days, and you can stand there and almost literally watch the shoots coming out of the ground.

The vines kept growing madly up all the strings and trellises, like the giant beanstalk jazz. And then, one recent morning, I noticed that something had Happened.

Whacko next spring

I called to Mr. M., "Darling, look! I've got flowers on my Cucumber! We may have some Little Ones very soon!"

Alas, he dampened my enthusiasm by stating that cross-pollination was necessary.

"Waddayamean — cross-pollination?" said I, boggling. Dear Mr. M. patiently explained about birds and bees and pollen.

Well, Mrs. M., like Madame Curie, is never daunted by a mere trifle such as lack of a few bees. I nagged poor Hubby till he produced some camelhair brushes left over from a bachelor-days' art course.

Then we went to work, delicately transferring pollen from one yellow flower to the other. They all shrivelled up and died, of course. Oh, well, whacko next spring.

We hope, eventually, to be able to throw open our potarium to the public, with a

monsters" are fine, when, in actual fact, I had been inquiring after the health of their monstera deliciosa.

Honestly, though, some people seem to think you're kinky if you aren't madly addicted to telly and footy. After all, Mr. M. and I do have other interests.

We go on outings, visit Sydney's Botanic Gardens regularly, once even took a long trip to Canberra to photograph the Begonia House at the Government Nursery.

For variation, there are fossicking outings to rivers and beaches for pebbles for pot-drainage and decoration.

Believe me, there ARE other hobbies besides saving tokens from soap-powder packages. To all ladies of the house with leisure to spare, I'd most strongly recommend "going potty!"

Safe holidays for the family

HOLIDAYS away from home can present problems to the young mother travelling with children. When camping, be sure that the water supply is pure. Always ask about the water when you pitch camp, and, if in doubt, boil the water before the family drinks it.

The same care must also be taken with milk supplies. It is better to boil milk for five minutes for a young baby, or to use powdered milk, than to risk infection.

These and other suggestions for safer, happier holidays—warnings against sunburn, advice on first-aid—are contained in a leaflet available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

A stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed for the leaflet.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD



Dinner is eggs!



Tonight: Spanish Omelette

The Spanish Omelette is a chef's invention for using up odds and ends — and a most delicious invention too. **Here's how it's done.** 1. Assemble your goodies — anything goes — onions, fried potatoes, cooked green vegetables, diced cold meat, sausages—anything you like you'll like in a Spanish omelette. 2. Put a little butter in a large frying pan over a moderate heat. Throw in everything and warm it up. 3. Allow

about 2 SUNRISE EGGS per person. Break them into a bowl and beat them up with pepper and salt. 4. When you think the goodies are nicely done, pour the egg mixture over them and give the whole thing a quick stir. 5. Now leave it to cook about two or three minutes, until the egg is set. 6. Cut it up. Lift it out. Tuck in. Now with a little brown bread and a glass of red wine well!

**SUNRISE
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The Blood Volute

By R. A. MONCRIEFF

As the search for these rare and coveted shells proceeded, excitement ran high on the coral reef

I BOUGHT the shell from a Mapoon boy — one of the colored crew of a trochus lugger tied up at Cooktown. It was an exquisite thing, a volute fully five inches long, blood-red and streaked with white. The sort of shell a collector dreams of finding, glowing like a great ruby in the translucent water of some lonely exposed coral reef — and in reality so seldom does.

I was pleased with it in an offhand way, because I knew volutes were much esteemed by those who trade in shells, and because I love beautiful things. But I did not drool over it, as I have seen those strange, avid creatures, the shell collectors, drool over a choice specimen.

I was more interested just then in the live turtle I knew was lying on its back under a wet bag on the lugger's deck. I wanted the shell of that turtle, patterned as it was with many sunbursts, and the rich red meat that went with it. There is only four pounds or so of this meat on a turtle, most of it attached to the flippers. Fried in breadcrumbs, it is delicious.

Recently returned from my wanderings in the Queensland outback, I was tired of beef, hence my interest in the turtle. It was only one of many things I had discovered about the lugger. She was well down in the water, which meant she had over six tons of cleaned trochus shell in her holds.

There was little or no food aboard, for another of the boys, a Torres Strait islander, was mixing a duff on the foredeck, and there was plenty of bread in Cooktown. Also, none of the crew was smoking, both infallible signs that their pockets were empty. And I knew that the white skipper had flown to Cairns on some urgent business that required his presence there.

To page 68



BE THE GIRL



THE AUSTRALIAN W

FROM S.M.A.S.H.

(SMART, MEAN AND SASSY HE-HUNTERS)

Shades so exciting you're in constant danger of romance. Three sly new shades to arm you to the lips and fingertips — while you stalk your man.

A woman's hand is shown holding a black handgun. The hand is positioned in the lower left corner of the frame, with the fingers wrapped around the grip. The background is a blurred, warm-toned image of a person's face and torso.

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THE BLOOD VOLUTE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

All of which is neither here nor there. But indirectly it explains how I obtained the volute. Had not Peter, the Mapoon boy, been hungering for a puff of tobacco, I am quite sure he would not have shown it to me, but waited for a more lucrative market amongst the tourists in Cairns. As it was, I had scarcely swung myself aboard on the lugger's rigging and mentioned the words, "Any shells?" than the four of them had scuttled below to return almost immediately with their small individual bundles for my inspection.

Wordlessly, dark faces impassive, they spread out the shells before me. Although taken while gathering trochus, these shells belonged to the diver who found them to do with as he pleased, and were hidden away in the bulkheads and so on until the time came for their disposal.

These were a mixed lot—a few nice cowries and cones and turban, but nothing outstanding—all run-of-the-mill stuff that I would shortly find for myself in the shelling trip along the Barrier.

After a good deal of haggling, with one eye on that occasionally animated wet bag over by the rail, I bought a well-shaped tun shell from the Torres Strait boy and waved the rest aside. It was then, with disappointment clouding his eyes, that Peter disappeared once more below, to return with the volute in his hand.

His concern, as I examined the shell with well-assumed indifference, was almost pathetic.

"Boss!" he exclaimed. "Oh, boss! That shell—'im beootiful shell. Blood volute! Eight fathom down, I find'm, that shell."

This time he caught my glance, as I intended he should.

"Aha," he said eagerly, "you like tittle, eh? Pretty fine tittle, that one."

In the interests of tobacco, Peter was apparently pre-

pared to pander to all my whims. Hesitantly his hand reached out for the volute, but I shook my head. I had already made up my mind about that. The thing was growing on me.

"I'll take 'em both. How much?"

Again he hesitated, dark eyes searching mine. Then, suddenly, his strong, white teeth flashed in a smile, and I knew he had resigned himself to the loss of the volute.

"Tree poun' ten."

"Four pounds if you clean the turtle—and make sure you take off the shell properly."

"Orright," he agreed cheerfully, "but no light—and no knife."

By now it was quite dark save for the faint light of a horned moon that hung over the wide waters of the Endeavour estuary and cast a dim shadow from the jibboom on the lugger's deck. With the aid of my knife and my matches Peter butchered the turtle, placing the meat in the upturned shell and throwing the remainder into the sea.

I had now to return to the launch, which was anchored in the deep water some distance off-shore. Rather than call for the dinghy, I decided to finish the thing in style. The lugger's dory with its outboard motor swung alongside and a few words from me were enough to bring that white-toothed smile flashing forth. Together we clambered into the dory and in a matter of minutes were alongside the launch, where I had the smug satisfaction of being greeted by a row of curious faces staring down at me from the port rail.

I said nothing about the volute, then or the following morning when we left Cooktown for the northern reefs off Princess Charlotte Bay. In a way, tyro that I was, the transaction with Peter had been in the nature of a small triumph for me, and with that

I was content. After that, as we made the open water, I forgot all about it.

Besides the skipper and his wife and deckhand, there were eleven of us aboard the fifty-four foot Lenore. And like the shells the lugger boys had shown me, we were a mixed lot. Two well-fed businessmen and their wives from Sydney; two lean and sun-tanned graziers from South Australia who knew the language of the lonely places; three girls in their late twenties from Bowen and Proserpine, who apparently spoke only the language of shells. And another, a man from Melbourne, whose name was Saunders.

MINE has always been an Ishmaelite existence, mainly because I preferred it that way. But I am no misanthrope. Loneliness there might have been, had I not learned to cast superficialities aside and plumb the recondite workings of the human mind and heart. Tenderness and compassion leave little room for censure or self-pity.

In this cross-section of humanity, the girl Doreen was remarkable. Between her and the soft wind and sparkling sea existed an affinity that delighted me. With a following sea, and the Trades singing the eternal song of the reefs, she sat on the lurching starboard rail like one born to it. A deep pleasure shone in her clear eyes, a keen, thrilling, inner exultation that shone forth and lent her a beauty that was more than physical.

For me, just then, she was not woman, but the spirit of all women, untrammelled, unsullied, unspoiled by the artifices of a world that all too soon exacts its toll of human bondage.

Lost in the wonder of her, I did not see Saunders leering at me until the girl herself chanced to look in my direction. Whatever she read in my face sent the color mounting in her cheeks, and in that unguarded moment, I felt my heart leap. Glancing hastily away, I found the man from

Melbourne grinning at me like a satyr.

There was evil in him. Unwholesomeness emanated from his gross body, giving the lie to his jovial manner and twinkling, deep-set eyes. Beneath that joviality I sensed a cold, calculating appraisal, a lurking ruthlessness and determination to achieve an end, no matter what the cost. That his companions respected him was obvious. But it was a respect in which the sweet brightness of the spirit had no place.

As I knew men, accepting them for what they were in the broad light of day, I could find nothing in Saunders to respect. Rather, by very contrast, did I pity him, for he disgusted me. An extension of that commingled pity and disgust must have reached him now as I stared at him, for suddenly his eyes fell before mine and the words he was about to utter died unspoken on his lips.

Rudely, because I was still (and unaccountably) angry, I brushed past him and went forward to the wheel-house, where Wilson, the skipper, was steering with one bare foot on the wheel, his head poked through a tiny hatchway in the cabin roof. From that vantage point he could more readily spot the reef he was after, although from the pitching deck I could see no sign of it. We were now running on a beam sea, with the hazy blue of the desolate mainland coast rapidly falling away astern.

Not for the first time, I began to hear the siren call of the outer reefs, where the great, white-maned waves crash in impotent fury against that fantastic barrier of living coral. Overnight, it seemed, the winds of departing summer had died with the outgoing tide, and murmurous with plaintive song, the great, free trade winds had returned from beyond the reef to moan the destiny of men to all who would heed. Seldom before had I time or opportunity to listen as I was listening now.

The smell of the reef was strong in my nostrils when

we dropped anchor in three fathoms of quiet, incredibly blue water. Capped by a low sand cay, the exposed coral mass stretched away for over half a mile to the south. I had passed close to these lonely cays often enough when after fish. But this was the first time I knew the tingling anticipation of feeling one under my feet in a leisurely search for treasures of the sea.

An air of purposefulness now pervaded the launch. Blue and red plastic buckets and long steel rods hooked at one end were broken out from the lockers aft and handed around. The two dinghies, equipped with outboards, were lowered, and Wilson and his deck hand were kept busy ferrying the party ashore.

I remember the glint in Saunders' eyes as he sat facing me in the stern. Saunders was after shells and if shells there were he was going to get his share of them. Nor was he alone in this, for to a lesser degree the expressions on the faces around me evinced the same determination. This shelling was indeed a serious business.

I know now (as perhaps I knew then) that I shall never make an accomplished sheller. I am too easily side tracked by the lure of a coral pool, the beauty of the big blue starfish and swaying anemones, the movement of brilliantly hued fish and so on. The wondrous alchemy of nature that tints the wind-blown foam with opalescent fire must surely, I thought, transmute even the grossness of a mind like Saunders' to a higher plane.

Fleetingly I wondered about the girl Doreen before shrugging the conjecture aside. It was important to keep things in their true perspective. To the true sheller, these were mere incidentals in the all-engrossing search.

Once ashore the party had dispersed with an amusing alacrity to various parts of the reef. The scene now was one with which I was to become all too familiar in the days to follow. Scarcely

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Now! False Teeth Fit Beautifully!

Amazing Dental Discovery CUSHION GRIP Ends Sore Spots—
Refits Loose Dentures to Hold Snug as a Dentist's Mould!



Tasteless! Nothing to mix! CUSHION GRIP lets you talk, laugh, eat anything—without discomfort or embarrassment! After years of research modern science has developed CUSHION GRIP, a remarkable new way to make false teeth fit beautifully—stop looseness, slipping, clicking, relieve sore spots—without messy pastes, powders and pads! CUSHION GRIP is a completely new substance; clear, soft and pliable. It works in an entirely new way, actually holds false teeth snug as a dentist's mould!

Works through suction—the natural way! Unlike tacky pastes, gritty powders and bulky pads, CUSHION GRIP uses the principle of suction to make your loose dentures fit properly again. There's nothing to mix or measure. Simply squeeze CUSHION GRIP out of the tube on to your dentures, insert false teeth in mouth and bite down. Instantly CUSHION GRIP moulds to the exact contours of your mouth and gums, providing comfortable, beautiful fit. The fit is so precise that it creates its own suction—thus holding dentures firmly in place this amazing new, natural way!

Ends all seven common problems caused by loose-fitting dentures! Slipping and rocking—the main cause of sore spots and social embarrassment—end with your very first application of CUSHION GRIP. Biting and chewing become natural again as

CUSHION GRIP holds dentures securely, firmly in place with natural, soothing suction. Difficulty in speaking ends, because you talk naturally when your lips and tongue are relieved of the necessity of holding slipping dentures in place. Also relieves strain on facial muscles that no longer must work to keep loose-fitting dentures in place. Digestive disturbances, caused by improper chewing of foods, are eliminated. Painful sore spots due to loose, slipping plates are relieved instantly. Simply apply a dab of CUSHION GRIP to the sore spot and replace dentures. Amazing! No more pain! And... perhaps most important of all... you need never again suffer the embarrassment of slipping, clicking, insecure dentures.

One application lasts for weeks, despite nightly cleaning! So convenient! So economical! If you've been using pastes or powders, you've probably resigned yourself to the annoyance (not to mention the cost) of as many as three applications each day. Drink something hot? New application! Bite something hard? Crack! New application! Clean your dentures? New application! But with CUSHION GRIP this constant nuisance and expense is gone forever. CUSHION GRIP can't melt, crack or loosen! When you insert your dentures after daily cleaning your dentures still fit the contours of your mouth and gums beautifully, perfectly as before. When you decide it's time to change—weeks later—CUSHION GRIP lifts off cleanly, easily. You can't beat that for convenience and economy!

COMPARE: the outstanding advantages of CUSHION GRIP with anything you may have tried before!

PASTES usually have an annoying flavour of their own that changes the taste of everything you eat. Moreover, when you drink hot liquids the paste usually dissolves. When you bite into something hard, paste often cracks.

POWDERS are no better—are often gritty, pebbly and are a nuisance to apply.

PADS do not mould to the exact contours of your mouth and gums. They become bulky and uncomfortable in your mouth, often do nothing to improve the fit of the plate.

Only CUSHION GRIP makes false teeth fit beautifully... holds dentures snug as a dentist's mould because it works in an entirely new way, the natural way, through soothing suction!

SAVE on costly relining work!

CUSHION GRIP refits old dentures so they feel new again! You save a lot of money with CUSHION GRIP. Not only that, CUSHION GRIP is tasteless, odourless, there's nothing to mix or measure—you simply squeeze it from the tube and apply! And it lasts for weeks and weeks. So you save time and money! CUSHION GRIP makes your false teeth fit more beautifully, more firmly and more comfortably than any paste, powder or pad you've ever used.



CUSHION GRIP®

HOLDS DENTURES SNUG AS A DENTIST'S MOULD
From your favourite Chemist, \$1.20

Collectors' Corner

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques and gives his recipe for french polish.

AS you are an expert in antiques, would you know the preparation one uses to polish genuine french-polished furniture? — S. Crocker, Cairns, Qld.

The recipe I give for french polish is a quarter pound of shellac added to one pint of methylated spirit. Allow time to dissolve. If, when dissolved, the solution appears to be too thick, add a little more methylated spirit.

If repolishing an old surface, sandpaper with No. 0 (fine) sandpaper—about 4in. by 6in.—adding a few drops of raw linseed oil to the paper. Paper with grain until smoothed. Use fresh sandpaper when the old gets dirty or worn. Always put a few drops of oil on the sandpaper surface (in order to prevent scratching), then wipe the surface of the wood clean with a piece of old cloth. To apply the polish, use a pad of cottonwool. Soak the pad in the shellac mixture and squeeze out excess liquid. Cover the pad with old linen and apply polish to surface, polishing with the grain on flat surfaces.

Repeat the process until you have built up a sufficient film of polish on the surface; then sprinkle a little raw linseed oil on the surface of both the pad and the furniture. Rub with the grain and then commence to rub in a circular motion or a numeral eight motion. This will help to smooth the polish and fill in the grain. Repeat the process—but do not sandpaper again—until you have brought the surface up to your requirements. Finish off by polishing with the grain in order to dry out the oil, but keep your pad moistened with shellac mixture.

If you are polishing a new surface, be sure to smooth the surface down with dry sandpaper, finishing off with No. 0 (fine) sandpaper. After polishing as described above, allow at least 24 hours to dry. Then sandpaper with No. 0 sandpaper, applying some drops of raw linseed oil to the surface and paper. Paper with the grain until smooth, wipe surface clean with a



● Copper lustre jug.

cloth, and repeat the polishing process as described. Practise polishing on a piece of wood until you get used to using the pad.

I WOULD like you to tell me something about a jug belonging to my mother. In chocolate color, with bands of gold around the handle, it is decorated with angels, chariots, flowers, and goats.—Mrs. M. Davies, Carnegie, Vic.

This is a fine example of 19th-century copper lustre pottery, made about 1830 to 1845. While typically Staffordshire in character, similar examples were made by the Sunderland Pottery, Sunderland, Durham.

Readers are requested to send a photograph of any item they want identified by our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe. A description is rarely adequate. Queries must be limited to one item. Valuations are not given in this feature.

I HAVE several pieces of an old dinner set, originally brought out to New Zealand by my great-grandmother, wife of an early missionary. The plates are heavy and the serving platters enormous by today's standards. The number 7618 is on the back, but there is no other indication as to where it was made or by whom. Each article has slightly different decoration, so the set may have been hand-painted. The blue border is a very deep blue. The flower design on the border is in gold and there has

been a thin gold edging round the rim of each plate.—Miss Rena Brodie, Bay of Islands, N.Z.

This 19th-century dinner service was probably made by W. T. Copeland (and Sons Ltd.) Spode works, Stoke, England. The rich mazarine-blue borders with reserve panels decorated with naturalistic flowers are salient features and indicate that the set was made about 1850. The Davenport factory and other Staffordshire potters also made similar sets.



● 19th-century china.

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8. New improved motor

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THE BLOOD VOLUTE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

distinguishable from the segregated six-foot high boulders of coral that protruded from the reef were the figures of the men, grown small with distance.

Nearer at hand were those of the girls, easily recognisable from the wide-brimmed hats, rubber shoes, and knee-length socks worn for protection from the sharp-fanged coral. Seldom did those quaintly garbed figures attain the perpendicular, and I began to realise what a vastly different business this was from gathering the dead, sun-bleached shells along some sandy beach.

Here the shells were alive, their beauty disguised by a protective grey-green skin that made them difficult to find. However, the mantled cowers hiding in the water-washed coral shone like jewels, and such is beginner's luck I reaped a rich harvest in a long gutter between coral banks.

As the afternoon advanced and my bucket became heavier, I began to wonder how the others were faring. At the turn of the tide some time before, they had all returned to the sand flats bordering the bay. Now, with the reef awash, I splashed my way toward them, wondering what they found to hold them there like so many feeding gulls.

IT was Doreen, bright-eyed under that monstrosity of a hat, who showed me the tracks in the sand beneath which the shellfish had begun to move with the incoming tide. Deftly, at the end of one such track, she delved out a big crimson mitre and held it up for my inspection. Unlike the reef shells, the sand shells come away clean, with all their exquisite coloring manifest in the light of day. After admiring this beauty, I could only gape in surprise and delight at the jewel-like mass of shells her bucket contained.

"Absolutely amazing. How beautiful they are!"

"Yes," she agreed instantly. "That's why I love them. Because they are beautiful. The others laugh at me, but then they're collectors."

Here the imps of mischief peeped out at me from her deep eyes.

"They're not quite sure what to make of you."

"I came along for the experience. And I'm learning fast. There's more to this shelling than meets the eye. Also," I added, taking up her bucket, "I'm like you. I love beauty for its own sake. And heaven knows there is a prodigality of it here, along the Barrier."

Here, mindful of the loveliness that was hers also, I turned to her impulsively, opened my mouth, and closed it again like the clot I was.

"Come on," I said abruptly, "the others are waiting for us."

That night, aboard the launch, there was a general appraisal among

the knowing ones of some of the better shells found. The commentary and criticism were good-natured enough, but beneath the banter I sensed an undercurrent of envy and covetousness that shocked and startled me. I was soon to be further disillusioned. Here, in these idyllic surroundings, existed a paradox. For what should have been conducive to all that was best in my companions seemed to evoke only the worst.

Perhaps it was the awareness of isolation, which in turn led to undue evaluation of material things and, in the end, to betrayal of self. But in some strange way a shell became more than a shell. More

than once, as we worked our way north along the reefs and cays, I heard the word volute mentioned for the first time. But as yet no volute had been found. And in the presence of this ugly thing in our midst I determined that mine would remain in my kitbag until we were safely and sanely back on the mainland.

Wilson, wise in the ways of his passengers, tried to make light of the matter. But Saunders was a type new in his experience, and he found him wanting. Philosophically, the gentle and tolerant skipper of the Lenore shrugged his shoulders, and returned to his navigation, an onerous enough task in itself.

How the cruise would have ended, I do not know. But it was Saunders himself who resolved the problem, and in most retributive fashion.

Compared with my shell, the volute he and Merritt, one of the Sydney men, found on a reef north of the Lizard was insignificant. At any rate (I saw it afterwards), it was not worth fighting for. In retrospect, I suppose it is easy enough to pass judgment. But at the time, with tempers taut and commensurate values discarded, the matter stood in a different light.

Wading in six inches of the clear reef water, the two men came on the shell together. It was red, and easily seen, and both made a rush for it.

Merritt's hand had closed on it when a blow from Saunders' fist sent him sprawling backwards into the water.

I was some distance away, but I heard the yell Merritt gave as the shell flew from his grasp. As Saunders pounced on it, the other

scrambled to his feet and charged at him like an enraged bull. For all his size, Saunders could not withstand that mad rush. Caught off-balance on the loose coral, he staggered backwards, ripping his leg on a niggerhead as he grappled with his attacker.

It was then I took a hand, holding them apart, and with Merritt's protests loud in my ears.

"You keep out of this," Saunders shouted, clawing at my arm.

"It's about time someone stepped in to stop the rot," I replied shortly. "You're only making damn fools of yourselves, behaving like this."

I released them, and turned to Merritt, who had quietened down.

"What the blazes is the matter with you all? The trip's becoming

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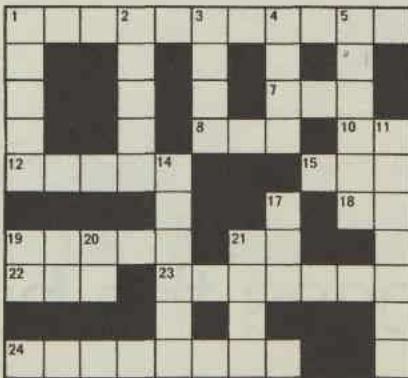
Do this crossword

DOWN

- 1 The liquid that falls when it rains
- 2 Kleenex tissues aren't just soft, they're soft
- 3 A beautiful flower
- 4 Not far
- 5 Have a . . . have a Kleenex
- 11 The best tissue you can buy—with super softness and wet-strength
- 14 You need Kleenex tissues in the sneezin'
- 17 Past tense of eat
- 19 Ate without an 'e'
- 20 The cat sat . . . the mat!
- 21 Animals around the house

ACROSS

- 1 One of the most important things about Kleenex tissues Rhymes with 'set length' (12 words)
- 7 Animal like a horse — but much more stupid!
- 8 Things you hear with
- 10 The initials of Joan King's husband, Sam
- 12 A lion does it
- 15 de sac, A street with no exit
- 18 The fifth letter of the alphabet, twice
- 19 They say it a lot in Hawaii
- 21 Abbreviation for lowest rank in the army, minus 'e'
- 22 The number decimal currency is based on
- 23 In this season you need Kleenex tissues most
- 24 Kleenex tissues have super and wet-strength



Complete this

MY NAME IS: _____

I LIVE AT: _____

I THINK KLEENEX TISSUES ARE THE BEST BECAUSE
(complete with twenty well chosen words)

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

- 1 There is no limit to the number of entries which can be sent, but each entry must be in a separate envelope and must be accompanied by the perforated box opening strip from a Kleenex pack (not required from residents of any State where their enclosure would contravene State law, viz. S.A., Qld. and W.A.) (V.C.)
- 2 Entries must include the full name and address of the entrant.
- 3 Contest closes at 9 a.m. on September 5th.

1966 and all entries must be postmarked not later than this date.

4 Chance plays no part in determining the winner and each entry will be compared and examined on its merits by a qualified panel of judges.

To qualify, entries must include the completed crossword in its correct form. From the entries which qualify, the winner will be determined on the basis of originality, aptness and neatness in completing the 20 word statement.

5 All entries received become the property of Kimberly-Clark and none will be returned.

6 Winners will be notified by mail at the conclusion of the contest. The 7 major prizewinners will be announced in October 26 issue of Australian Women's Weekly.

7 Employees of Kimberly-Clark, their advertising agents and relatives of each are ineligible to enter.

8 Judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.

THE BLOOD VOLUTE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

fouled up over these con-founded shells. The whole bunch of you are behaving like a lot of weak-minded adolescents!"

Merritt merely looked at me, and shook his head helplessly. It was Saunders who spoke, with a sneer in his voice.

"That go for the girl, too?"

"What girl?"

"Oh, come off it, Stevens. There's only one girl you're interested in."

"She's different."

"I'll say she's different! I've made a few passes at her myself, but got nowhere. You can look, but you mustn't touch. That's her. She's a sweet armful, but she's not for—"

HERE a cold fury seized me. Before I knew it, my fingers were at his throat.

"Shut up, damn you! I've seen you — looking at her!"

Savagely, I shook him to and fro. But this time he made no attempt to resist, and at length something in his very quiescence gave me pause. Never once had he removed his mocking eyes from my face. Now, as my hand fell away, they were dark with malice.

"Look who's talking," he said huskily, one hand caressing his bruised throat. "You can manhandle me as much as you like, Stevens, but I'm not fighting a gorilla like you. Yes, you've seen me. Even

if you can't touch her, she's worth looking at. And I've been watching you."

Here he grinned that twisted grin of his.

"You're mad about her. You're a queer fish, but you're mad about her! I've seen you mooning over her when you thought she wasn't looking — just like some love-sick kid. She's not different. You only think she is. You and that highfalutin mind of yours."

"Go to hell!" I said, and turned my back on him. The words sounded weak in my own ears, for all the anger had drained clean out of me. Yet as I walked away I knew that had Merritt not been there, I would have killed Saunders that day . . .

Saunders finished up with the shell, for the old adage on possession held good even here. But he finished up with something else as well — a badly infected leg. Even a small cut or abrasion from contact with coral in these waters results in swelling of the part, and the wound in Saunders' leg was long and deep. For the first day or two the swelling did not prevent him from hobbling along in his insatiable quest for shells, and I knew the throbbing hurt in his flesh was as nothing to the hurt to his pride.

But at the end of the second day he was compelled to remain in his bunk, his injured leg swollen to almost twice its normal size.

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***** AS I READ *****

THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting August 17

- ARIES**
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, black, white.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ Propitious pressure on all to do with love and marriage. Pleasant romantic interludes are shown, and solid work can be accomplished in careers and all businesses.
- TAURUS**
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ Although romance may be subject to a certain stress, it's a happy time for marriage partners, and fine also for orange blossom and the announcement of engagements.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, rose, lilac.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
★ Many find relief from household drudgery, a lot get a raise, and it's a very good time to get a permanent pay-off with some new venture or gimmick. Marriage under strain.
- CANCER**
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, blue, grey.
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
★ If you still feel more than usually energetic and on the ball, keep it up. There's chance for much success in personal and business matters with really lasting results.
- LEO**
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, green, tan.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Monday.
★ Watch finances—but you're in the limelight and who can say that Leo doesn't love it? Although marriage is a little muddled, the love star will help you romance-wise.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, orange, tan.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
★ An excellent time to build up permanent happiness at home and consolidate status in your career. Romance is good—and it's fine to buy that block of land you've been dreaming of.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, green, blue.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
★ Don't get erratic notions about finance. There's good news about family and loved ones—and more than average chance of lottery luck on the 22nd-23rd in a ticket shared with a friend.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, green, brown.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
★ You could form a permanent union with a strong, silent member of the opposite sex. It's great for turning a fresh page, taking stock, and launching new ventures.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
★ Many who wed this week will find their marriage will stick despite obstacles. It's an ideal time for a pleasant vacation on or near the water, especially with a friend.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, lilac, green.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
★ Your guiding star gets a shot in the arm, and it's time to blast off. Success comes to all, and if you are a job-holder, or career woman, there's good news for you, so get in the act.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, red, gold.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
★ You could put finances on a sound footing this week, and there's evidence of more than ordinary lottery luck. It's also a fine time to brighten your public image.
- PISCES**
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, black, green.
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.
★ You could have lots of luck—perhaps a windfall—and, what's more, many could forge a lasting emotional link. The 22nd-23rd are especially good for finance and romance.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Mail this to: KLEENEX SNEEZIN' SEASON CONTEST, P.O. Box 111 ARTARMON N.S.W.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 24, 1966

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RIVETS



THE BLOOD VOLUTE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

The incident served to bring the others to their senses. Indefinable in itself, the old spirit of distrust aboard gave way to a new animation and friendliness. On this basis the shelling continued toward the Howick group. But somehow, with Saunders lying there below and Doreen no longer taking part in the excursion, for me all the zest in the cruise was gone.

Quietly, without fuss, she had taken charge of Saunders. It came as no surprise to me to discover she was a nursing sister, so much in character was this with the rest of her. That she had not told me was, I felt, due to my own reluctance to confide in her. One does not

cast off the habits of a lifetime overnight. But I regretted it now.

I found it in myself to envy Saunders, so complete was her care of him. I did not know then that what she feared was gangrene. All I knew was that the touch of her hands, the sound of her voice, her very presence, had wrought a profound change in the man. But that ominous swelling remained; and no words of mine could cajole her away from the launch.

Then, at my insistence, on the fourth day she told me.

"It's gangrene, Jack. He may lose the leg if we don't get him to hospital. You've probably noticed

Mr. Wilson's been working over the cays on an easterly course. There's a mission not far from here on the mainland with a landing strip and two-way radio, so he says. All being well, the Cairns aerial ambulance should have Saunders at the base by tomorrow night."

"Poor devil," I said. "And all over a lousy shell."

We were standing by the port rail, watching a most beautiful sunset.

"Funny," she said musingly, "I've always wanted to find a blood volute, too. I was sure I'd find one this trip."

With just a trace of wistfulness, she turned to regard me.

"Have you ever looked into one—really looked, Jack—and seen how the colors merge one into the other, like the skin of a ripening apple?"

"Yes," I replied. "I have. It's a truly beautiful shell. But cheer up. You still might find one. The trip's not over yet."

But she shook her head dubiously. "I don't think so. Not now. They're seldom found on the inner reefs."

"You never know," I said. "You just might be lucky."

After an overnight stop at the mission anchorage, we put Saunders on the ambulance plane the following day. A sick and frightened man, he had clung to Doreen's hand in a manner I found infinitely pathetic. Only then, I think, did he realise what lay ahead of him.

When the plane had whisked him away, we returned to the launch. With weather making in the south-east, Wilson could not shove off quickly enough. As we made our way, he explained his plan, which was to stand on and run for shelter behind the capes until we reached Cooktown. It required a good deal of persuasion on my part to sway him, but after I pointed out the fact that the afternoon tide would be the last minus tide of the trip, he agreed to drop anchor at the next reef.

"I know the place," he said, with a sidelong glance at me, as though I, too, had known it all along. "It's a good anchorage. We'll stay overnight. Take your time. It's the last chance you'll get."

IT was good to have Doreen beside me once again as we trudged over the coral. This time she had left that ridiculous hat behind, and wore a white band across her fair hair. The wind had whipped the color into her cheeks, and her eyes shone with that strange, inner exultation I had first noticed aboard the launch. To me, she was more than beautiful; she, who was all woman, and loved beauty for its own sake. Was it any wonder my heart ached?

The search followed the same pattern as before, with the others strung out along the reef. There was a good deal of water in the runlets, ideally suited to my purpose. Gradually, I drew ahead of my companion, and felt for the volute nestling in my shorts pocket. When the opportunity came, I reached down and, pretending to take up a shell, placed the volute in the water.

Moving on, I watched her furtively, as she made toward the spot. Never, I think, has mortal man waited in such agony of mind as myself at the moment. If such things are possible, I communicated with her in spirit and willed her toward that shell. For suddenly, I saw her hesitate and stare fixedly into the water at her feet. Then, with a little cry, utterly feminine, she pounced like a swooping gull and stood upright with the volute dripping in her hand.

"Jack!" Her voice was trembling. "Come and look at this! A blood volute! Oh, what a beauty!"

Obediently, I splashed back to look at something I already knew only too well. I have never been one to dissemble, and wondered uneasily if I could make the grade now. But as I came up to her and looked from the glowing beauty of the shell to her radiant face, all the carefully prepared and oft-rehearsed phrases went clean out of my head. With them went the reserve of a lifetime, and of their own volition, the words tumbled out.

"It's a lovely shell. All you could wish for in a volute. But if you could only see yourself at this moment, you would see something far lovelier. Please don't laugh at me. I've always wanted to tell you how beautiful you are, and at last I've found the courage to do it."

"Was it — so hard?" she said softly, after an eternity of silence.

"For me—yes."

"Then you must say it again . . ." Here she raised her eyes to mine, and behind the imps of mischief I saw all the softness and understanding, all the warm, mature womanliness of her.

"On the way home."

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Please don't pass the butter!

(Here's a flaky cracker biscuit that doesn't need butter.)

If you're tired of those old-fashioned cracker biscuits that crumble and crack. So dry they cry out for butter. And lots of it. Then try a flaky one that doesn't need butter. Cornish Wafers. It's the one with the buttery taste you'll love. Just add



cheese, jam, or your favourite spread and you've got it. Flaky as puff pastry. Really tasty. And they won't crumble all over the place. Try a pack today. And leave the expensive butter in the 'frig.

From an original Cornish recipe, made famous in England by Huntley & Palmer.

CWS.S

A WORLD APART

It was a little before six o'clock in the evening, in the crisp, clear New York autumn evening — and there was just the slightest difference in Genevieve Fuller's arrival home. Most evenings, it followed a pattern. Designing high-fashion clothes is hard work, even when you're at the top and can have a gaggle of assistants. Genevieve Fuller would walk into the beautifully decorated apartment, lay down her gloves and bag, and drop into the nearest chair. There, eyes closed, she would think idly of the first dry martini and what had to be done, where she was going and what she would have to wear. She would think of these things slowly, in low gear. They were things that had to be done, of course — but Genevieve Fuller, who never lied to herself, knew they were to fill in time. Her work filled in the day hours. The dinners, the theatre

To page 74

By **MEL HEIMER**

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERTS



Chris rose from the table as
Genevieve walked quickly away.

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A WORLD APART

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

engagements, the cocktail parties filled in the night hours.

But this time there was just this slightest difference. She walked through the living-room to the bedroom, and if you watched her walk you really wouldn't peg her at thirty. There was a loose youthfulness to her walk, and with her black hair spilling over her shoulders, Genevieve could have passed for the early twenties.

She pulled open the big sliding doors to the bedroom cupboard and looked. It wasn't going to be easy. "I could wear black and pearls,"

she mused, forgetting all about how stupid it was to talk aloud. "It's 'not in' now and he probably knows it. By this time he should have that much style sense. But at least it isn't out of place."

She looked a little more closely. Ten years ago it would have been easy. There wouldn't have been more than a handful of things in the cupboard—good things; even then she had spent only when she could get the best—and she would have reached in and taken out the one with the most dash and flair. He liked her to look striking.

"Now, this," she said to the cupboard, "is silly. Who's going to care how you look? All you're going to do is talk. And who knows, you might be getting all dressed up for a fat, bald man with a touch of liver trouble."

She smiled faintly, a little tensely. She'd bet fifty cents it wouldn't be like that. You never know about men's hair, of course; but she couldn't picture him fat or ailing. He always looked as if he had run five miles before breakfast every morning.

Still and all, Genevieve Fuller stayed in front of the bedroom cupboard for a long time before she finally ended up with the dark green wool and the simple black pumps.

The thing was, she was

going to see Chris Logan for the first—no, the second—time in ten years and, consciously or not, she was backing away from it. She even considered phoning and saying she had a terrible headache; but she shook that off, and after a while she put the green dress on the bed and went into the bathroom and took a long, warm shower. She stood with eyes closed, letting the water run down her back and shoulders while she remembered Chris.

They had met in a slightly odd way. She was nineteen then and people called her Jenny and she had her head inside the fireplace opening in the Greenwich Village apartment she shared with Mary Lou Masterson. She was muttering something about this damned flue should work and poking around when Mary Lou, in her honey-drip accent, said, "Jenny, honey, I want you to meet Chris Logan."

"I like the legs, anyway. I can see them from the knees down," he said, and she ducked out of the fireplace and emerged with soot on both cheeks and looked up at him.

It was love at first sight, and that was that. Or it was something at first sight; even those who say they don't know what love is and dare you to define it would have to admit that. Jenny sat there, in her blue jeans, amid the ashes of last night's fire, and said, "Hello, Logan."

"Hello, Fuller," he said, and he bent down and said, "How about letting me take a look at what's the matter there?"

He did, and the way it worked out he never did go to the movies with Mary Lou that night, and two months later Mary Lou accused Jenny of being a beau stealer and moved out of the apartment. Actually there wasn't a thing Jenny could have done. When she and Chris looked at each other the flutes played far away. There wasn't a chance in the world for them to fight it.

He was twenty-five. He was more tall than short and had close, dark hair and grey eyes. He was a young newspaperman who was going to become a foreign correspondent.

"Why, Logan?" she asked one night.

He looked blank. "I'm curious," he answered at last. "I want to see everything, and some of it has to be elsewhere than here, doesn't it?"

He was sitting on the floor, his back to her. At his feet sat Buster, the police dog belonging to Mr. Rafferty, the building superintendent, who always was walking uninvited into the little apartment. Buster, not Mr. Rafferty. "So," he said, "why do you want to design dresses for females?"

She was lying, face down, on the studio couch. In those days you took studio couches and sitting on the floor for granted. What was the use

of living in the Village if you couldn't sit on the floor or walk through Washington Square and listen to the ghosts of O'Neill and Millay keening through the leaves of the old trees?

"Because I like to," she said. "No, that's not exactly true. I have a little flair for it, and it seems the best way for me to become successful."

"What's so important about being successful?" he said. "Why don't you just get a job as a file clerk and wait for the right man to ask you to marry him?"

"Don't tell me you're one of those who think a woman's place is in the kitchen," she said, her teeth going on edge a little. "This is the twentieth century."

"I don't feel that at all," he said. "Only, I don't think it's right just to want to be successful. If you said you couldn't live your whole tormented life if you weren't a designer or something like that it'd make sense."

"That's great," she said. "Be an idealist. Write the great American novel or an opera or something. All I want is to make a name for myself. I want to earn money and have people know who I am. If you want to look down your nose it's your prerogative."

CHRIS lifted his head and looked at her and grinned. "Hey," he said, "stop getting worked up. Do anything you want. Only right now inch across the floor and let me kiss the top of your head."

"You make me sick sometimes," she said.

But of course she inched across the floor and he put his arm around her instead of Buster and he kissed the top of her head. How right, how very right, that seemed to make it.

It will be left to the brain specialists to explain what chromosomes or whatever make people argue with each other. Jenny got on well with most people. She was too busy to fight with them. Generally speaking, Chris Logan was a mild enough soul. Together they were in love—and they fought all the time. They fought almost automatically, without thinking, and forgot it as swiftly as they had started. Sometimes they would make up suddenly, quickly, and laugh at whatever absurdity had started it.

"Honestly," Jenny would say, shaking her head, "I don't know why I love you. You're impossible."

"Ah, but you do," Chris would say, "and therein lies the white man's burden I must carry."

A laugh and fight a minute. It seems such a shame, sometimes, that it can't last. But it goes, eventually it goes; two people can't rub each other the wrong

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ARE YOU READY TO GO BEAUTIFULLY INTO ORBIT WITH YARDLEY?

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1. What does a Space Face do at night? Disappears out of sight. Yardley turns it on in the morning. You take it off at night with a soft fragrant Yardley soap.



2. Now for Deep Emollient Cleanser to really cleanse your pores of grime and make-up. Face the world really clean. (Dry skins use Special Dry Skin Cleansing Cream.)



3. Next splash on Skin Freshener to restore natural acid-alkaline balance to skin. Tighten pores and make skin more receptive to treatment creams. Just doing it is a joy.



4. To combat dryness and ageing lines, massage for ten minutes with Vitamin Night Cream or apply a light film of Infinite Beauty which does not require any massage.



5. For those tiny revealing lines around your eyes, apply Eye Contour Oil. How else will you keep this delicate area unlined and firm? Try it and you'll see.



6. Finally a little Contour Control goes a long way. Smoothes surface lines and wrinkles on your face and throat. Firms these relaxed areas. Start looking as young as you feel.



7. Good morning. It's time for your Space Face. Repeat steps one to three. Then go into orbit with Velvet Skin Moisturiser or Beauty Magic. Remember "a moist skin is a young skin."



8. Now blast off. Apply a beguiling Yardley Foundation and Face Powder. Brush on Brow Tone for brows. Shade and Line for eye-shadow and/or eye liner. Eyematique for luscious lashes.



9. Finally go all the way with a new Yardley Lipstick. Polished off with a glowing, dewy lip Slicker. Frosted or Gloss. With a little bit of time and Yardley, anything's possible.

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LULUBELLE



"You never know... there might be a talent scout at the Brownie's concert."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 24, 1966



More fresh oranges! More fresh, tangy orange taste for his toast tomorrow!



Give your husband this most delicious marmalade of all — KRAFT Sweet Orange Marmalade. It has more fresh orange taste than other marmalades because KRAFT use more fresh oranges and 'quick-cook' them to keep all that flavour in. Doesn't your husband deserve the best marmalade of all? (KRAFT make an English-style Seville Marmalade too, and eight varieties of Conserves and Jellies.)



for good food and good food ideas

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Who said women don't make good firemen?



Even if the cap doesn't fit, a mother may suddenly be forced to take on, alone, full responsibility for her family and home. It is difficult for a widow if the possibility of her having to take charge has never been considered. Maintaining a home and family can be even tougher when food bills, mort-

gage payments, furniture payments, costs of educating the team fill the mail-box. A wife knows that her husband is thinking about his family's security when he calls in an A.M.P. man for an A.M.P. Family Security Check-up. This helpful service is free and entirely without obligation.

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THAN
'BLUE CHIP'
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A U S T R A L I A N M U T U A L P R O V I D E N T S O C I E T Y



HOW TO MAKE *Ferdie the frog*

● Here's an easy toy to make. Children will adore Ferdie. He flops into such mad attitudes.

YOU'LL need two scraps of different colored material 12 x 10 inches, 11 ounces of millet (birdseed), and two bright beads for eyes.

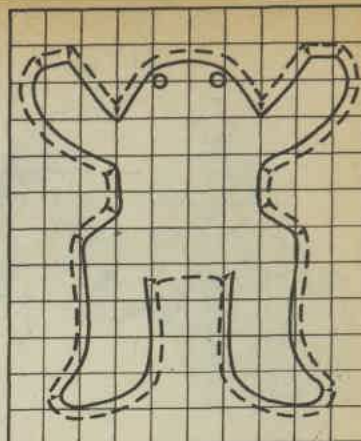
Make the graph at right in one-inch squares and draw outline as shown. Cut two pieces, one each for front and back, allowing quarter-inch seams.

Sew the two pieces together on the wrong side, leaving the split between the hind legs open.

Snip corners carefully where marked on pattern. Avoid cutting stitching.

Turn frog inside out and fill body with millet.

Hand-sew split and finish off with two bright beads as eyes.



A WORLD APART

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

way endlessly without dry rot setting in.

There was no exact time when the squabbling started to last a little longer or when the making up was held over to the next day. Once, he didn't see her for three days, during one of which he went to a nightclub with a model named Leslie Turner.

"I hope," Jenny said acidly on the third day, "that you had a lovely time with Miss Turner." It was impossible, of course, to keep secrets in the Village.

He just looked at her. "I had to find out something," he said. "I wanted to see what it was like to go through an evening without trying to break each other's arm."

"I am sure," she said, "it was very peaceful and charming, to say the least."

CHRIS grinned and reached for her. "Euphemisms," he said. "The word you're looking for is 'dull'."

In his arms, she looked up at him. "Did you kiss her?"

"Fourteen times," he said, drawing her to him. "We walked down Eighth Street, and I couldn't stop kissing her." He tilted Jenny's head back then, and said, "No, you dope. I kiss only you, and it will be that way all the time," and he kissed her and, of course, everything was all right.

And so it was, for a while. Marriage was taken for granted. They felt, however, that starving in a Village garret was romantic but nothing else. So they went, as they say, up the ladder.

Chris moved uptown first. When a picture-news magazine hired him, he took an apartment in the Turtle Bay area, near the United Nations. "They want me to be close to what they call the pulse of the city," he said. "I guess they figure Washington Square is around the ankle." She followed three months later, when a dress manufacturer took her on as chief designer (she had one assistant) for his small business.

Somehow, it never seemed quite the same after they left the Village. Maybe the Village was the crystalliser, the catalytic agent. Maybe it just was because they dressed more formally. "I'm afraid to walk past the doorman wearing a sweater," Chris said.

Those were the months when he first went abroad. The magazine sent him to London and Brussels; later, there was a two-week safari on a story to Hawaii; when he was there, they pushed him on to Japan. There were moments of fun and

To page 80

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



This feeling could only be Johnson's

The world's best talc gives you the world's best feeling: Johnson's. Best for baby, best for you. *Johnson & Johnson*



THE BIRTHDAY

By MARGARET FOX

This was the day he had looked forward to for so long, but his joyful hopes were short-lived

It was just coming light when his father came into the room, and he thought it must be the beginning of the special Birthday. The one when he was ten. Double figures. But it wasn't. His father never even mentioned the Birthday. Not a word. Not one single word.

"Roy," he said, "are you awake? It's Janet. She's got that pain again and your mother is worried. She thinks we ought to get the doctor straightaway, before breakfast, and I wondered . . ."

Roy jumped out of bed. "Shall I go to Miss Mason's?" he asked. "She said we could, you know. Whenever we wanted to telephone about anything, she said. I needn't get dressed properly. I'll just put on my big pullover. I won't be a jiff."

His father patted him on the shoulder.

"Good lad! That's the spirit. Then I can stay with the others. Here's some money. Just leave it by the phone without saying anything, and then Miss Mason will not be able to make a fuss."

The street was very quiet. Mr. Baines, who was a nightwatchman, was putting out the milk bottles before going inside to bed. The cat from across the street, which had a basket by the kitchen fire, but always refused to sleep in it, was sitting on a windowsill, waiting to be let in.

When Miss Mason came to the door, her hair was in pins with a cockeyed kind of a net over them, and she looked a bit drunk. But she was kind. As kind as could be. Roy wished they could afford a telephone. It must give you a lovely, well-off feeling to be able to ring up from your own house just whenever you felt like it without asking anybody.

"And you can put that money away, young man. Keep it and buy yourself a lolly."

He went slowly back along the street. Nobody was about. The cat had been let in. Surely now they would say something about the Birthday? About the bike with "Sold" on it that stood in the middle of the window at the corner shop? His mother had been paying into a club for that bike, and he'd been going to fetch it as soon as they'd had dinner.

He'd chosen what they were having for dinner, too. Sausages and bacon and chips and chocolate mould and ice-cream. They hadn't a fridge, so they wrapped the ice-cream in layers and layers of newspaper until they wanted it, and . . .

"Is the doctor coming?" his father called over the banister. "What did he say?"

"He'll be here in ten minutes, Miss Mason said. How's Janet? Is she better yet?"

"Not so good, lad, I'm afraid. But I'm just coming down to make your mother a cup of tea. She certainly needs it. Been up all night, she has."

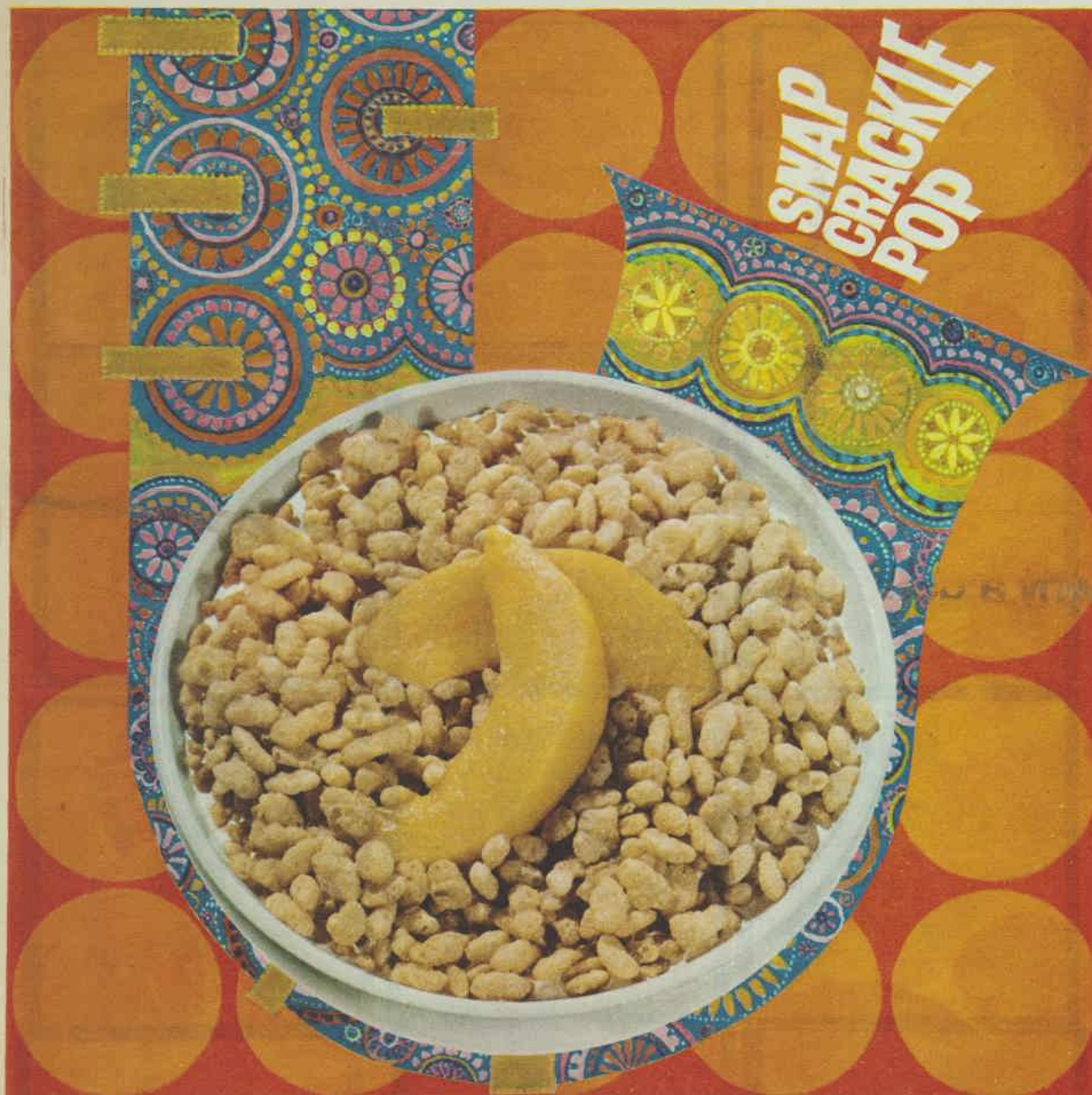
"I'll do it, Dad. I can manage. Honest I can. You just stay where you are."

He put two teaspoons of tea into the pot and warmed it on the stove while the water boiled, just as he had seen his mother do. When he carried the cups upstairs he would remind them about his birthday.

"Dad, Mum," he would say, "have you forgotten? You can't have. I'm ten. Double figures. We've talked about it for ages. I'm having that bike. It's waiting to be fetched."

But when he got to the bedroom door his mother came out on to the tiny landing.

"That looks grand, love. Thank you ever so much," she whispered. "And, Roy, the doctor might want to wash his hands. There's a towel over the line in the kitchen. The one with green stripes. Fetch it and put it on the edge of the bath



—Snap—Crackle—Pop art.

WAKE UP TO THE **HAPPY** SOUND . . .

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Kellogg's RICE BUBBLES



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R571

for me, will you? He'll see it there."

The doctor said that Janet had appendicitis and must have an operation. That very morning. As soon as ever he could get the ambulance to take her to hospital. So Roy waited about in the tiny front garden and thought about the Birthday. They couldn't just go off and not say anything. Not both of them. Why, they might be away for ages! And he'd be alone. Alone on the day he was ten!

"Hello, young-fellow-me-lad," called out the ambulance attendant. "This the house where we're wanted, eh?"

Roy stood by the laurel bush that his father cut down every autumn but that grew again each spring. Because, there, they couldn't possibly miss him. They'd have to touch him almost. The ambulance man came back again and, this time, he had Janet in his arms.

"No need for a stretcher for this little poppet," Roy heard him tell his father and mother, and he opened his mouth to remind them about the bike, but somehow the words wouldn't come. Janet's hair was hanging over the ambulance man's arm and flopped up and down as he carried her up the path. Somehow, great big cissy that he was, it made him want to cry.

"I'll do the shopping for you, Mum," he muttered crossly.

"Will, you, love? There's some money in the dresser drawer. Sure you'll be all right?"

"Course I shall be all right," he said even more angrily.

He went round the cupboard with an old envelope and a pencil, just as he had seen his mother do. Sugar. Baked beans. Tea. Evaporated milk. A tin of meat to make sandwiches.

Mrs. Drew, from the house where the cat was, came across and asked if she could do anything for him, and he wondered if he should tell her about the Birthday, and then decided not. Somehow, although he couldn't explain this, it didn't seem right. If his own father and mother had forgotten, then he wasn't going to tell all the street.

He just wouldn't have a birthday. Then, as he felt his eyes begin to fill again, he turned away quickly and wrote "ground rice" at the end of the list.

"No, thank you," he said to Mrs. Drew importantly, but still with his back turned to her. "I'm just going out to do the shopping now."

As he was going into the grocer's he saw two boys from Cuths and hid behind a lorry piled high with beer barrels so that they wouldn't see him and ask about the bike.

He felt happier now, and he stacked the groceries away neatly and put a clean cloth and some cups and saucers and knives and forks on the table, although he didn't know what they were going to eat with them. But he thought they would look nice for Mum and Dad to see when they came in. Kind of welcoming, somehow.

Because he was sure now they would soon be back, and then the Birthday really would begin. Even before they were properly in the house. They would shout out to him as they came up the path. They . . .

Why, they were here now! He could hear their footsteps. He ran to the door and waited for them to call out to him. He was all ready to answer. But his mother looked dead-tired and his father put an arm round her as they came up the two stone steps to the house.

"Come on, lass," he said. "The worst's over now. Janet will be OK."

So they still hadn't remembered, and he knew that he couldn't remind them. Though it would serve them right if he did. If he made a real fuss, it would, he

thought furiously. But not with Mum looking like that, he couldn't. So there wasn't going to be any Birthday after all, most likely.

He'd had it, and he might as well face up to it. He'd counted up in months and weeks and days, and yesterday in hours. Until he was ten. Until he was double figures. For the third time that day he thought he was going to cry.

"Want the kettle on?" he asked in a queer, gulpy voice.

His mother smiled, the kind of smile he liked best.

"Look!" she said. "Look what

Roy's done. Set the table and everything as nice as nice can be. You know, I don't know what we should have done without you today, love, honestly I don't. Fetching the doctor and making cups of tea, and doing all the shopping. All on your own, too. You've grown up, haven't you? Quite different, somehow, you've seemed."

And suddenly everything was quite all right again. They didn't know what they would have done without him. Mum had just said so. He had grown up, and growing up was much better than just being

ten. Some time they would remember the bike. One day he would have his chocolate pudding and ice-cream, but, although he still didn't quite understand, he knew these weren't really the most important things. And talk about not having a Birthday! Why, it was the most important one he had ever had.

He turned and faced them again, and now he didn't want to cry. His eyes were quite dry. "Well, if I'm so good at making cups of tea, I'd better make you another one," he said, and grinned from ear to ear.

(Copyright)



NEW CLINICALLY BALANCED NESTLÉ'S FEEDING PROGRAMME



why a good baby food should do more than just feed.

1. Why it is important that Strained Baby Foods should be "taste matched" to Junior Baby Food.
2. The new Nestlé's balanced feeding programme and how it will help your baby.

When baby is born, his five senses—sight, smell, hearing, touch and taste, are quite undeveloped. Gradually he learns to use his separate senses and with them he carefully explores the world. Learning, with your help and guidance, to recognise what's nice, what's nasty, what's good or bad for him.

He tends to be suspicious of new things, especially new tastes. That's why your choice of baby food is so important. Nestlé's Strained and Junior foods are carefully "taste matched." They lead baby gently from Strained to Junior baby food when a change in taste might easily upset him.

At the age of six months it can be a big jump for baby from Strained to

Junior foods . . . strange new lumps and strange new flavours. But Nestlé's help you make the change as easy as possible by taking a great deal of extra care to "match" the flavours of Junior foods to all the Strained ones that baby has already learned to welcome.

Later, you'll find other, even more grown-up Junior foods that have no Strained equivalent. Add these to baby's menu gradually, to maintain his interest and broaden his "taste education."

A menu for growing—the clinically balanced feeding programme.

You know that baby's diet is important, and that his requirements change continually during the first year. His diet must be balanced for vitamins, protein and minerals; it must also be balanced for liquids and solids. A good diet will also help develop baby's digestive system and teach him to enjoy new tastes and textures.

To help you through baby's vital first year Nestlé's offer you a book

on baby care including a complete guide to educational feeding—month by month. These "menus" are clinically balanced to provide a safe, sure, easy programme for meeting baby's continually changing diet needs (a sample is reproduced at right).

Lactogen plus baby food

The clinically balanced feeding programme, compiled by Nestlé's food experts is based on Nestlé's Lactogen (the complete milk formula) and Nestlé's Strained and Junior Baby Foods. Because they are designed to work together, a balanced diet becomes quite simple.

Complete Manual, free.

The book is free to all mothers. It deals with every aspect of baby care from pre-natal, to the end of baby's first year in a truly practical and comprehensive manner. Please write or call the Nestlé's Infant Feeding Free Advisory Service, located in all State Capitals or write (Box 423, P.O., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.).

Suggested programme 9-12 months

NOTE: Your doctor, clinic sister or hospital may recommend special varieties for individual infants and that vitamin C intake and iron be further supplemented.

On Waking, Breast or Lactogen feed.	
Breakfast:	Nestlé's Junior Food may be gradually introduced, e.g., Junior "Egg and Bacon Breakfast." A rusk or small piece of toast may be given additionally later on. Follow with breast feed or drink of Lactogen. (Encourage Baby to start drinking from a cup if weaning.)
Dinner:	Nestlé's Junior Food, e.g., "Chicken Dinner," or "Liver, Bacon and Vegetable Dinner," followed by a dessert. Breast or Lactogen feed.
4 p.m.:	Drink of orange juice and rusk.
Tea:	Junior "Egg Custard with Rice" or "Chocolate Custard," "Mixed Fruit Dessert," or a fruit variety mixed with cereal and milk. Drink of fruit juice. Breast or Lactogen feed.
Before Bed:	Breast or Lactogen feed.

N.B.: At least 1 pint of Lactogen or milk should be given daily.

* Details of Lactogen Feed on each Lactogen label.

Nestlé's

BABY FOODS

Nestlé's are specialists in infant feeding



PACKED
IN THE SAFETY OF
GLASS

NLS/2086/66

Page 79

Stop Winter Wrinkles

Use the colder months to give your skin a lovely peaches-and-cream bloom, but guard against wrinkles caused by the cold air. Even mildly crisp air causes the skin to contract, preventing protective oils from reaching the surface. Ask your chemist for oil of Ulan, and before you make-up, smooth it over your face, neck and hands, being careful to pat it generously round the eyes. You will be amazed how quickly this nourishing, moist oil will give the skin a healthy bloom even on winter days.

... Margaret Merrill

A WORLD APART

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

happiness when he came back, and the mixture seemed as before. She would ask him how Japan was, and he would say veddy small, just as in Noel Coward's "Private Lives," and that China was veddy big. Some of the Village magic remained, but it was going, going, going. You live a moment just once.

It was uptown, then, that the fighting turned to — call it quarrelling. Before it couldn't have been distinguished by so trenchant a word. But by the time they started trying to analyse it, by the time it had mushroomed, they couldn't seem to get to the bottom of it.

Once in a while Jenny would stare at herself in the gilded mirror in her bedroom and try to tell herself to knock it off. If you don't something dreadful is going to happen. And maybe Chris told himself the same thing.

But it didn't work. Two nights later they would be at each other again.

It was inevitable that, when Chris spent a month in West Germany on a special assignment Jenny would turn to someone else for the quiet, peaceful company she had accused him of seeking in Leslie Turner.

The man's name was Bill Hogry, and he was a nice man — and when Chris got back he said, "All right, if it's so serene and lovely with him maybe you'd like to go on seeing him. Don't worry about me."

"Maybe I will," she said, the enzymes, or whatever they were, rising swiftly to the surface. "Maybe I'll do just that, Mr. Wiseacre."

"Good," he said, "and goodbye."

He walked out the front door of the uptown apartment and the funny thing, the really funny thing, was

that he didn't come back. Not in a day, not in a week, not ever. In a while — although not nearly so short a while as the pundits promise — life went on, and the wound closed over. More or less.

There had been just one other time since then, and only one. It was seven years later — seven years, two books, four hundred and thirty lectures, and a half-dozen journalism awards for Chris Logan. Seven years that marked brilliant success in the designing field for Jenny Fuller.

It had been in the casino in Estoril, the Portuguese resort town, on the coast fifteen miles from Lisbon. On a June night, after a week of lying on the beach trying to relax during her first vacation in three years, Jenny drifted over to the elaborate gambling hall and was playing roulette when she looked across the room and saw him. She almost had forgotten how handsome he was.

When he saw her he

threaded his way through the players, bringing the girl with him. "Hi, Fuller," he said.

It's funny, she thought, all this time and yet he sounds the same and looks the same and when I look at him I feel the same. "Hi, Logan," she said.

"This is Betty Underwood," he said.

The girl was a pretty blonde. Three years younger than me at least, Jenny thought.

"Betty, this is the one who almost killed me once with a carving knife."

"You had quick reflexes," Jenny said.

The girl seemed nice. She smiled. She smiled warmly at him, Jenny thought.

"Oh," Betty Underwood said, "I remember. You told me."

"He always did talk too much," Jenny said, smiling sweetly.

"I didn't mean to sound like that," Betty Underwood said, blushing a little. "I mean, he didn't really tell me all about it or anything."

Jenny patted her arm. "I'm only joking," she said.

"When are you going to marry some man who forgets himself in your presence and proposes?" Chris said. "I keep seeing your picture on the society pages with this swain or that."

"I don't see yours," she said. "But then, you always were secretive about your love affairs." She looked at the blonde. "I make him sound terrible."

"He's not terrible," Betty Underwood said.

Do you have to cling to his arm like that, girl? If I ever took his arm, he'd say, "What's the matter, you? Can't you stand on your own two feet?"

They made small talk for a minute or two more and then Chris said, "Listen, get back to the table. You're losing money. Will you be here long? And I don't know why I ask that, because I'm flying to New York tomorrow. My publishers are convinced I have a best-seller in my new book, and they want to talk with me," he said. "It's about China."

"Veddy big, China," she said.

Chris looked at her for a second or two and said nothing; he just looked and something inside her said: "Well, no matter what, I suppose something will go flip-flop whenever we meet, even when we're eighty."

"Take care, Fuller," he said.

She nodded and smiled. "You bet, Logan," she said, and she went back and put five escudos on number fifteen. She stood there looking at it, even after the little ball had bounced into zero, and when she thought it was time enough, she turned around, and he and Betty Underwood had gone.

That night she lay awake in her hotel room, listening to the ocean pounding against the rock-strewn beach. The last thing she thought, before getting to sleep around four, was wondering what time his plane was leaving.

That was three years ago, and now, this afternoon, he

called. She was hard at work trying to do something for the Duchess of Nevens, one of the few titled Englishwomen with the money to pay for Genevieve Fuller designs, and the phone rang and there he was.

He said, "Listen, what about a drink," and, because she was a woman she said, "Will your wife let you?" And he said, "What wife?" She didn't remember what else they said, but finally she said, "All right. Dinner then, at Twenty One."

When she climbed into the green dress she looked into the gilded mirror that had followed her from one elegant apartment to another. She was trying, of course, to see if anything remained of the girl from the Village. There were darned few traces.

SHE snapped shut her bag and headed out the door to get a taxi—"Don't meet me. I'll meet you," she had said—and what she was thinking as she left was, Maybe they're right. Maybe you can't turn back the clock.

"You look about the same," he said.

They were sitting in a corner of the restaurant.

"You're fatter," she said.

He nodded. "Small talk, a lot of small talk." He looked sidewise at her. "Whatever happened to Bill Henry?"

"I don't know."

"You used to think he was a lovable, solid citizen."

"He was. But I just needed an excuse to get you out of my hair. After that I never saw him much. I think he married." She sipped her

FROM THE BIBLE

● It is in God's power to provide you richly with every good gift; thus you will have ample means in yourselves to meet each and every situation.

—II Cor. 9; 8.
(New English Bible)

drink and smiled a little. "And you didn't marry Betty what's-her-name?"

"No. Should I have?"

"I don't see how you escaped it. The way she looked after you in Estoril a couple of years ago—"

"Three years, two months, and eleven days."

"I'm touched. The way she looked at you I thought you were hooked. She seemed nice."

"She was nice. She would have made a nice bride for Bill Henry."

She held the chilled glass between her hands and looked at it steadily. "I know you're different," she said, "because everyone's different. But how have you changed?"

He slid a cigarette from the packet on the table and lighted it. What was he now — thirty-five? There was no grey at the sideburns yet, but you couldn't get away from it — he looked distinguished.

"I drive a Ferrari," he said, "which is, I suppose, different from taking the subway. I've had a couple of books published. I used to wear sports jackets and slacks, but now I have eight dark suits, because you never know where you'll end up for lunch or dinner. I give lectures which are kind of boring, but bring in a lot of money. Every now and then I say the devil with all of it and I go somewhere to, like they say, get away from it all. I try to make it some place where I can cover a big

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 24, 1966



coming along wonderfully ... on Carnation Milk

It's wonderful to know that baby is growing up happy and strong and that your choice of Carnation as the milk for baby was right. Carnation Evaporated Milk is pure wholesome cows' milk in its natural liquid form complete with all the basic essentials for baby's healthy growth. Preparing baby's formula with Carnation is simple and accurate. All you do is combine Carnation with a sugar-water solution — it blends smoothly and quickly. You don't have to boil Carnation either. It's completely safe because it is sterilised twice — the second time after the milk has been sealed in the can. Your Doctor and Baby Clinic Sister know all the advantages of Carnation Evaporated Milk. Why not ask them?



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It's compiled to help you enjoy your baby completely without worry during those important early months. Fill in and mail this coupon to Medical Department, Carnation Company Pty. Ltd., 252 Swanston St., Melbourne.



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CM26/40

Easier for Mother — completely safe because it's sterilised twice

LOW-COST SOUP WINS PRIZE

• An economical vegetable soup, using up whatever vegetables you may have in small quantity, wins the prize of \$10 in our recipe contest this week.

SERVE it as an appetising first course at lunch or dinner, or try a mugful instead of tea at mid-morning.

DOUKHOBOR BORSCH

Two ounces butter or substitute, 2 onions, 8 tomatoes, 2 cubed carrots, 1 green pepper, 1 red pepper, 1 clove garlic, 1 cabbage, 1 beetroot, 1 or 2 potatoes, salt, pepper, stock or water, 1 cup milk, chopped parsley.

In a large saucepan melt butter.

Chop onions and saute in butter until transparent. Chop tomatoes, red and green peppers. Dice potato, carrots, and beetroot, shred cabbage. Add to saucepan, season well, add crushed garlic; cover with stock or water. Bring to boil, simmer gently until potato falls to pieces.

Almost any vegetable can be used in this soup — peas, diced celery and cucumber, or green beans. It is an

economical soup because you can use up any garden produce that you have left in quantities too small for other purposes.

Just before serving, stir in milk, add chopped parsley to taste. Do not re-boil after milk is added.

Prize of \$10 to Mrs. T. Campbell, 757 Ballarat Road, Deer Park, Melbourne.

INGREDIENTS are flexible for this nourishing soup — garden vegetables of all kinds can be added to vary the flavor.



HOME HINTS

A prize of \$2 is awarded for each of these handy hints sent in by our readers.

TREBLE the wear of socks and pullovers by loosely feather-stitching squares cut from old nylon stocking welts inside heels and elbows before they wear thin. — Mrs. F. Burke, 28 Wards Grove, East Bentleigh SE15, Vic.

A square of rubber cut from a worn-out bathing-cap will give you a good grip on screw-top jar lids that are hard to remove. — Mrs. P. A. Joll, 51 Keane St., Wembley, W.A.

To give custard a delicious caramel flavor, use moist brown sugar instead of white in the same quantity. — Mrs. J. Martin, 359 Moorabool St., South Geelong, Vic.

Save time setting the table by keeping a small tray fitted out with condiments, sugar, jams, and spreads. After the meal one trip with the tray will put everything back on the shelf. — Mrs. B. Watson, 81 Talbot Rd., Launceston, Tas.

Substitute a teaspoon of sherry for vanilla essence when flavoring chocolate icing. The flavor is delicious. Rum can be used instead of sherry if preferred. — Mrs. P. Grayson, 50 The Crescent, Cheltenham, N.S.W.

When teaching youngsters to knit, they will often make the needles sticky. Rub a little floor wax on to the needles and polish them well, and the knitting goes smoothly again. — Mrs. J. L. Rijnders, Elcho Rd., Lara, Vic.

If face washers become impregnated with soap, put them in a large container of heavily salted water and bring to the boil. Repeat the procedure once or twice — this will remove all the soap. — Mrs. G. T. Kennedy, 3 Manning St., Watson, Canberra, A.C.T.

To prevent dogs pushing their feeding bowls all over the kitchen floor glue a rubber ring from a preserving jar on to the bottom of the bowl. It will then stay in place. — Mrs. M. E. Bennett, 590 Argent Lane, Nth. Broken Hill, N.S.W.

NOW three flowers has an elegant new look

The elegant new look of Three Flowers was created by Donald Deskey of New York in cool white and floral pink to match its mood. The elegant new design incorporates a new symbol — a classic Roman figure three, in gold with a pink flower set upon each stroke, denoting the three fragrances blended together which make Three Flowers the truly feminine talc. Three Flowers in its elegant new look is the super soft talc for young women of all ages. Three Flowers talc available at chemists and stores 39 cents and 79 cents.



three flowers
talcum
powder

three flowers for young women of all ages

A WORLD APART

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

story and get my expenses paid."

"I don't mean that," she said.

"You mean really changed?" He turned and looked at her and when he did there wasn't any doubt. It was strange; the years between had made no difference. "Nobody really changes," he said. "They can gloss over their basic character with years of living and different ways of doing things. They can become crooks or saints or near-saints, but what was inside them doesn't change. I guess if you dig deep enough under the two-hundred dollar suits you'd find plain old Chris Logan, boy—well, whatever boy-type he was." He grinned.

Jenny Fuller thought swiftly,

starkly. Look, do me a favor. Don't grin. This is just a friendly reunion. It's not fair to do that. I put you behind me nearly a decade ago and, with luck, it'll stay that way—if only you don't grin.

"And you?" he asked. "What about you?"

"I'm old."

"Not to look at. Inside maybe?"

"To look at, too. The lights here are flattering. I'll be thirty-one before you can draw a long breath."

"Why aren't you married?"

"I don't know. Why aren't you?" Tell me, she thought. Tell me. Say whatever it was. You can't tell—it might come out the way it would be nice to hear. I must be crazy.

I've seen this man once in ten years and he is a stranger no matter what I feel. You can't cut away ten years just like that.

"I never had time, I guess. Listen, maybe we'd better order."

He picked up the menu, and she picked up hers. The room was full, with the usual tinkle of ice and sound of talking; but suddenly, to Jenny Fuller, it seemed awfully quiet.

At that, though, it wasn't so bad getting through dinner. All right, so they wouldn't say anything important. At least, what they did talk about, they talked about candidly and pleasantly, and she was startled to find herself deciding that one of the reasons they had got along so well between fights was because they thought alike.

It was a lovely evening, and it drifted along, and somehow it seemed to Jenny that she was re-

laxed for the first time in years and years.

If only they hadn't had to talk about what she did for a living.

"They tell me you're good at it," he said.

"I've been lucky and successful," she said.

"Quiet confidence," Chris said. "I always liked that about you. Well—now you're a success. Are you happy?"

"Of course I'm happy. Who wouldn't be? I'm one of the best in the business. I've got some money and a nice place to live."

"If you didn't have to go to the workshop tomorrow," he said to her slowly, "would you eat your heart out?"

She could feel her anger rising. "Look," she said, "if you're trying to tell me that I'm wasting my time and have been wasting my

time—well, you can save your breath. You may not be the most stupid-thinking man in the world, but you're in the top ten. I suppose your charming ideals all have been realised and—"

"If you knew how you looked when you made fish-wife speeches like that," he said, his voice hard, "you'd knock it off. So why get on your high horse? I ask a simple question and—"

"I know what you're trying to do," she exclaimed, and for a moment she seemed to feel that the other diners were looking at them, but she couldn't stop. "You think I've made one big mess of my life. Right? Right. If that's the way you think, well, then—"

How the years had fallen away. Oh, how they had fallen away.

He got up and put some money on the table. "Come on," he said. "I'll take you home."

She swung her coat around her shoulders and swept out under the archway entrance.

"You don't have to bother," she said, without turning back. "I can get a cab." She stood and waited for the doorman to whistle a taxi.

She gave her address to the cab-driver, and started off down the block and even got, oh, maybe a hundred feet away when she suddenly said, "Stop. Stop." The taxi-driver waited patiently without even looking around.

That was when she turned around slowly and saw Chris still standing in front of the restaurant, his hands in his pockets, his head cocked to one side. She took a note from her purse and gave it to the cab-driver, and then she got out and walked back. When she was six feet or so from him, she stopped. "I—" she started to say, but she couldn't find the words.

CHRIS LOGAN looked at her and he didn't say anything, either, and she knew she would have to say it. She walked to the steps by the iron gate and sat down tiredly and looked up at him. "If it wasn't for this," she said slowly, "it would be very good, wouldn't it, Logan?"

He looked at her for a long time. "Yes," he said. He waited.

She took a breath. "They say you can't revisit the scene of the crime," she said, "but I'm not so sure. Sitting in there with you, I had the crazy idea that—"

"If you want to know," he said, "if I ever stopped loving you, the answer is no. Some people love only once, no matter what the divorce lawyers say."

She looked at him. Tears. Oh, dear, good heavens. I never cry. But she couldn't keep them where they belonged. "Well," Jenny Fuller said, "I guess I still love you, too. No, I'm being precious. I know I still do. I have wanted to marry you, Logan, since I came out from under the fireplace and first saw you."

"It's not sheer coincidence," he said, moving closer to her, "that I haven't married, all this time."

Then he was standing over her, and he reached down and brought her to her feet and held her close to him.

"What will we do?" she said in a small voice. "Fighting is so stupid."

"We'll always fight," he said softly. "You know that. It's just a dirty trick nature played on us. The only thing is —" But he stopped, and then he kissed her. Ten years went into that kiss. And far away, somewhere, the flutes played.

"We'll work something out," she said, kissing him. "We'll—"

"Don't say it," he said, putting his hand on her lips. "Don't say it or promise it or anything. Just remember, and I'll remember, that you have the worst temper in the world, except mine. But remember first—remember this."

There was another kiss, and then they walked slowly toward Fifth Avenue, the world coming alive, the city becoming soft and gentle, the night sounds making music, the long war over, and the sailor, if you will forgive, home from the sea. Jenny Fuller put her arm into the crook of Chris Logan's elbow, and he didn't complain.

"You're not telling me I should stand on my own two legs," she said tenderly.

He looked at her. "I will," he said, "I will. But that's tomorrow."

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New food discovery gives high protein nourishment, low calorie weight control...

The high protein breakfast cereal

There's a wonderful wealth of health and enjoyment concentrated into Special K... the new, high protein cereal from Kellogg's. Your body can't store vital protein — you need it every day. Special K gives you high quality protein plus a wholesome balance of health-giving vitamins and minerals. Light, crisp, crunchy, ready-to-eat with a specially delicious taste, Special K is the ideal cereal for modern active men and women. Enjoy Kellogg's Special K every morning.

For weight watchers too... Special K offers a welcome change. Unlike dreary 'diets' which often fail because they're just plain dull... Special K keeps calories down yet adds enjoyment... as the mainstay of the Special K Low Calorie Breakfast. And you'll go right on enjoying it day after day. Get the protein lift you need with a "way down" calorie count. Start now on this pleasant, sensible weight control breakfast. Look for the packet with the big red K on the front and the good rich protein inside.

Build your day on Special K

SPECIAL K LOW CALORIE BREAKFAST

4 ounces of orange or tomato juice — or half a medium size grapefruit.

1 serving Special K with 1 teaspoon sugar.
4 ounces milk. Black coffee or tea (Only 260 calories).

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BUTTERICK PATTERNS



2952.—Useful basic sheath with short sleeves, scooped neckline. This is a Proportioned Pattern with pattern pieces for tall, medium, or short figure, and provides three-quarter sleeves and a sleeveless version. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40in. bust. Price 5/9 or 58 cents includes postage.
 3874.—Semi-fitted overblouse with bias roll collar, short raglan sleeves. Slim skirt. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44in. bust. Price 6/6 or 65 cents includes postage.
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3813.—Girl's panel-seamed dress, sleeveless with rounded collar and self-tie belt attached at side seams. A-line skirt gathered at sides and back. Sizes 7 to 14 (25, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest). Price 5/- or 50 cents includes postage.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

IN THE SUPERMARKET cellar Jed has overpowered the gang of thieves and calls for police to arrest them. He and Narda continue their trip to Intel. NOW READ ON



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

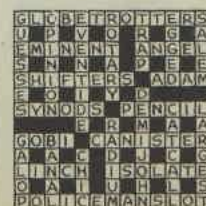
ACROSS

- Protective covering for mailed fist (13).
- To twinkle be a ring in the chain (5).
- Swallow a sheep and go on a walking tour (5).
- Eastern region of Vietnam can turn into a miraculous food (5).
- A car turns in a mile and becomes a supernatural event (7).
- Musical instruments or-snag (6).
- Fondle (6).
- Adherent of an early Christian philosophy (7).
- Strikes hard mostly by telling fibs (5).
- Tolerate by making first an offer (5).
- Kingly, which turns beer (5).
- Be in jail and attend to a group of words (5, 8).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- This common herbage is a dinkum Aussie (8, 5).
- Burn a person or a thing of a city (5).
- Man from Arctic America (6).
- Pronounce (5).
- Red cant (anagr., 7).
- Blameworthy (13).
- This lake in Russia, south of Novgorod, has an area of 360 sq. miles and contains a broken mile (5).
- Book or binding named from a XVI century French bibliophile (7).
- Existing independent of any generating cause (7).
- Come as an increment; a cue with car (6).
- The objective ego as a subject for discussion (5).
- A criminal (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Chunky, crunchy, Scotch Finger biscuits golden with egg and butter goodness

Shortbread this delicious takes real biscuit-making experience. And it takes a recipe generous with the goodness of eggs and butter. Arnott's have the experience and the recipe—you know it the moment you bite into an Arnott's Scotch Finger Biscuit. Chunky, crunchy shortbread, golden with egg and butter goodness. Great favourite—specially with men! Bring a pack home soon.



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